

FEB.-MAR.

NO 2

MOON MULLINS

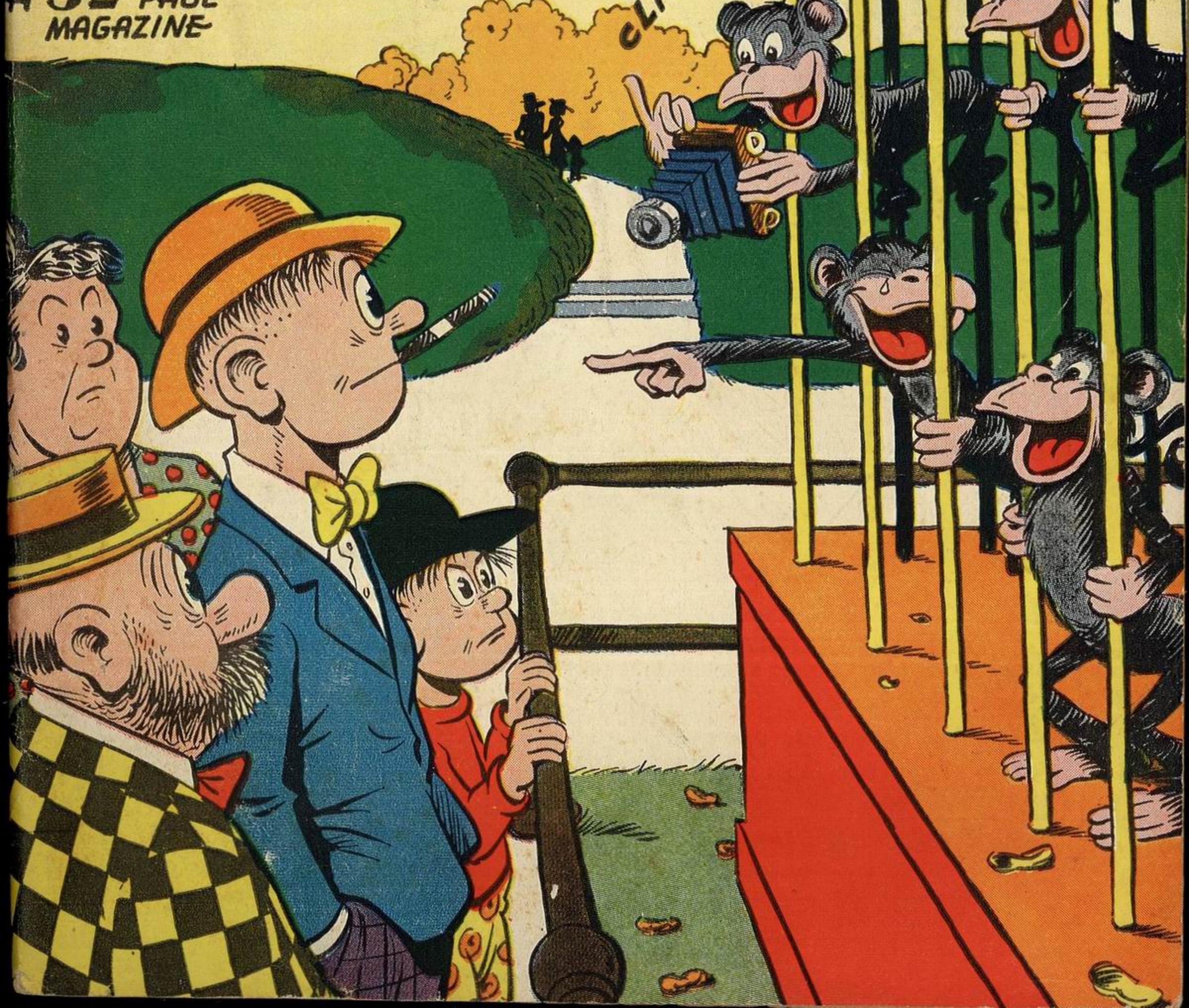
The
COMIC
CHARACTER
READ BY OVER
50 MILLION
WEEKLY!

10¢

by Frank Willard

A 52-PAGE
MAGAZINE

CLICK!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



FLASH!

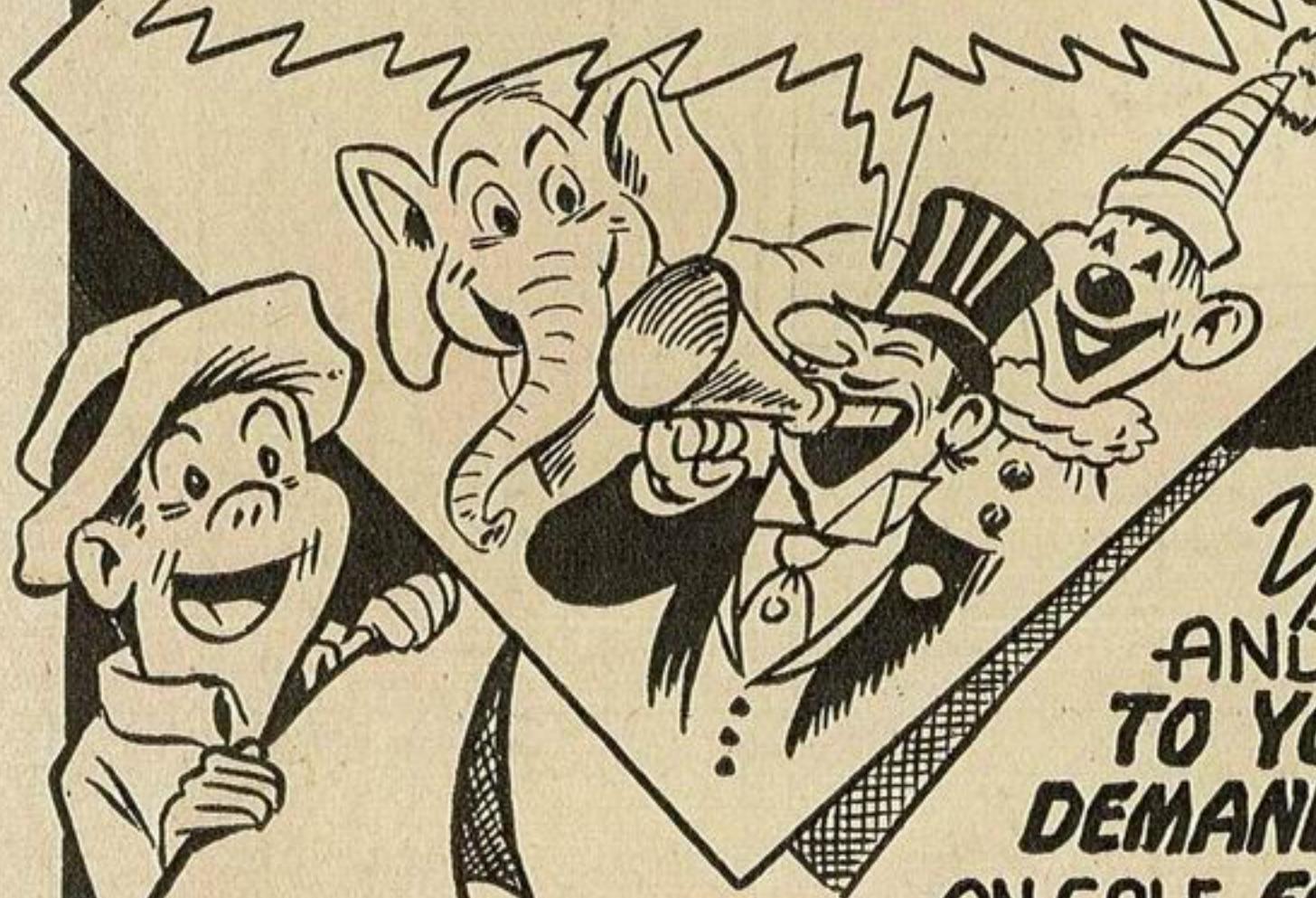
GOOD NEWS!

EXTRA! "THE KILROYS"
NOW PUBLISHED
EVERY MONTH!

Daily News Extra!
KILROY GOES
MONTHLY

... AND EFFECTIVE
IMMEDIATELY, THAT
GREAT COMIC,
"THE KILROYS,"
WILL APPEAR
EVERY MONTH!

"THE KILROYS," FOLKS...
GREATEST COMICS
MAGAZINE SHOW ON
EARTH! PRESENTED EACH
MONTH FROM NOW ON!



Yes, YOU ASKED FOR IT, BOYS
AND GIRLS... SO WE'RE BRINGING IT
TO YOU! IN RESPONSE TO NATIONWIDE
DEMAND, YOUR FAVORITE FUN MAGAZINE GOES
ON SALE EACH AND EVERY MONTH FROM NOW ON!

So... twice as many Laughs as before!

TWICE AS MUCH JOY AND MERRIMENT! FOR THE TEEN-AGE TIME
OF YOUR LIFE, LATCH ON TO **NATCH, JUDY, JACKSON AND KATIE**... THE
KEENEST TEENS YOU'VE SEEN! MAKE A HA-HA HABIT OF
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY
... **THE KILROYS!** IT'S A BIG
PARADE OF BELLY-LAFFS... ALL
IN THAT GREAT COMICS MAGAZINE
NOW APPEARING **EVERY MONTH!**

The Kilroys
gfp
America's Funniest Family!
...THE MOST WANTED COMIC
IN HISTORY!

Moon Mullins

I TOLD THEM YOU'D BE OVER, MOON!

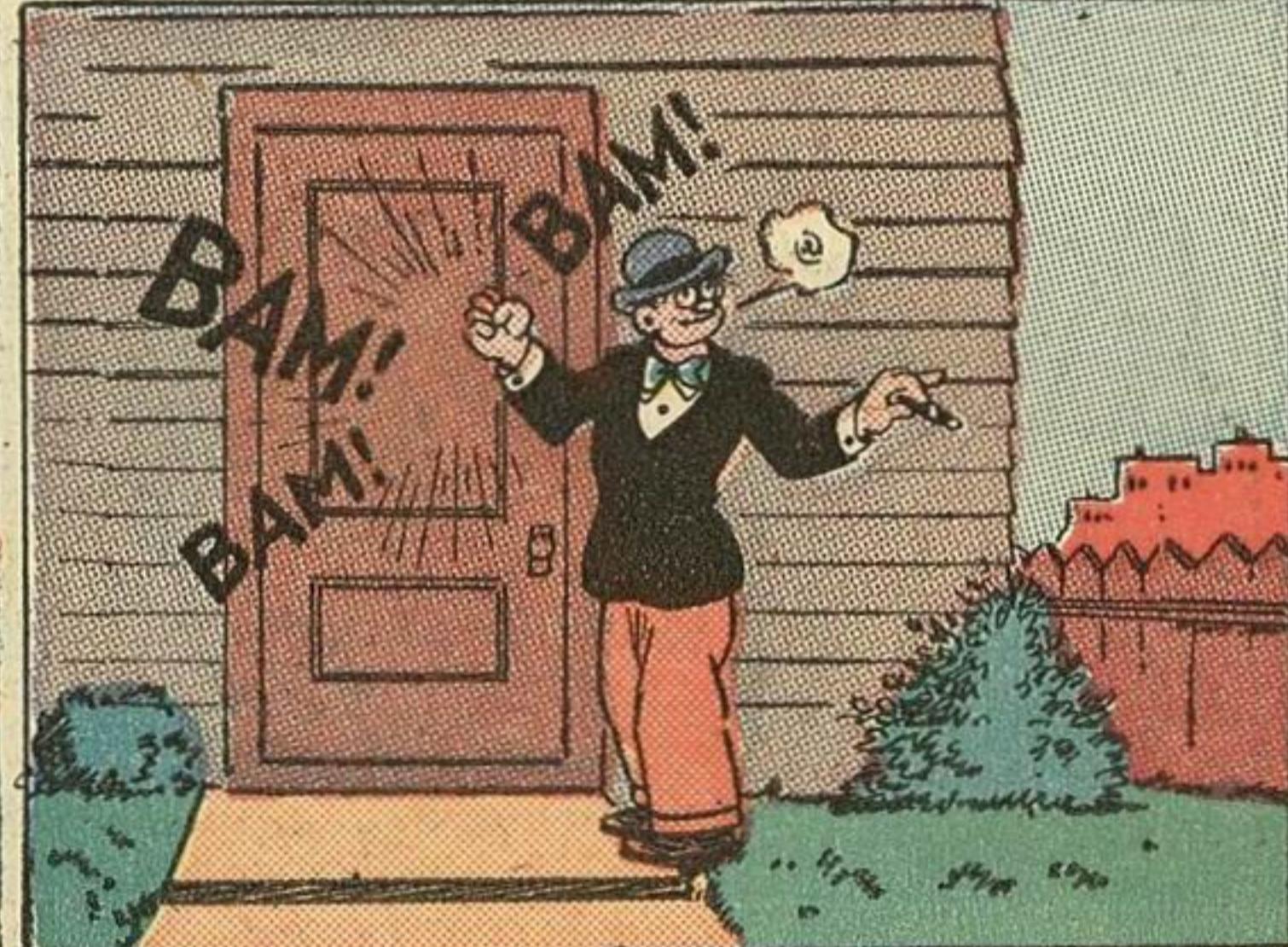
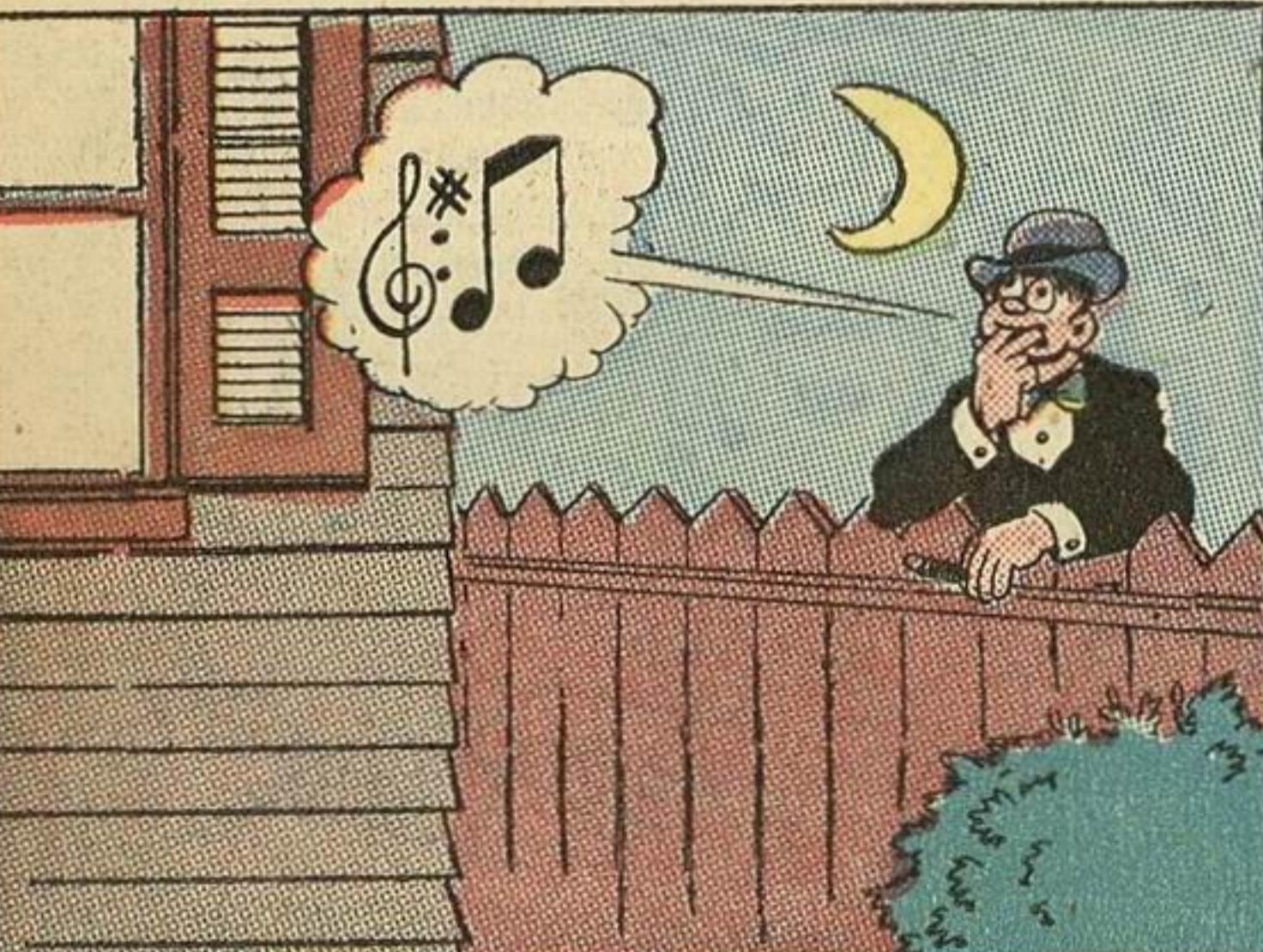
NOT ME! YOU OUGHTA KNOW NEIGHBORS AIN'T NOTHING BUT A NUISANCE BY NOW!

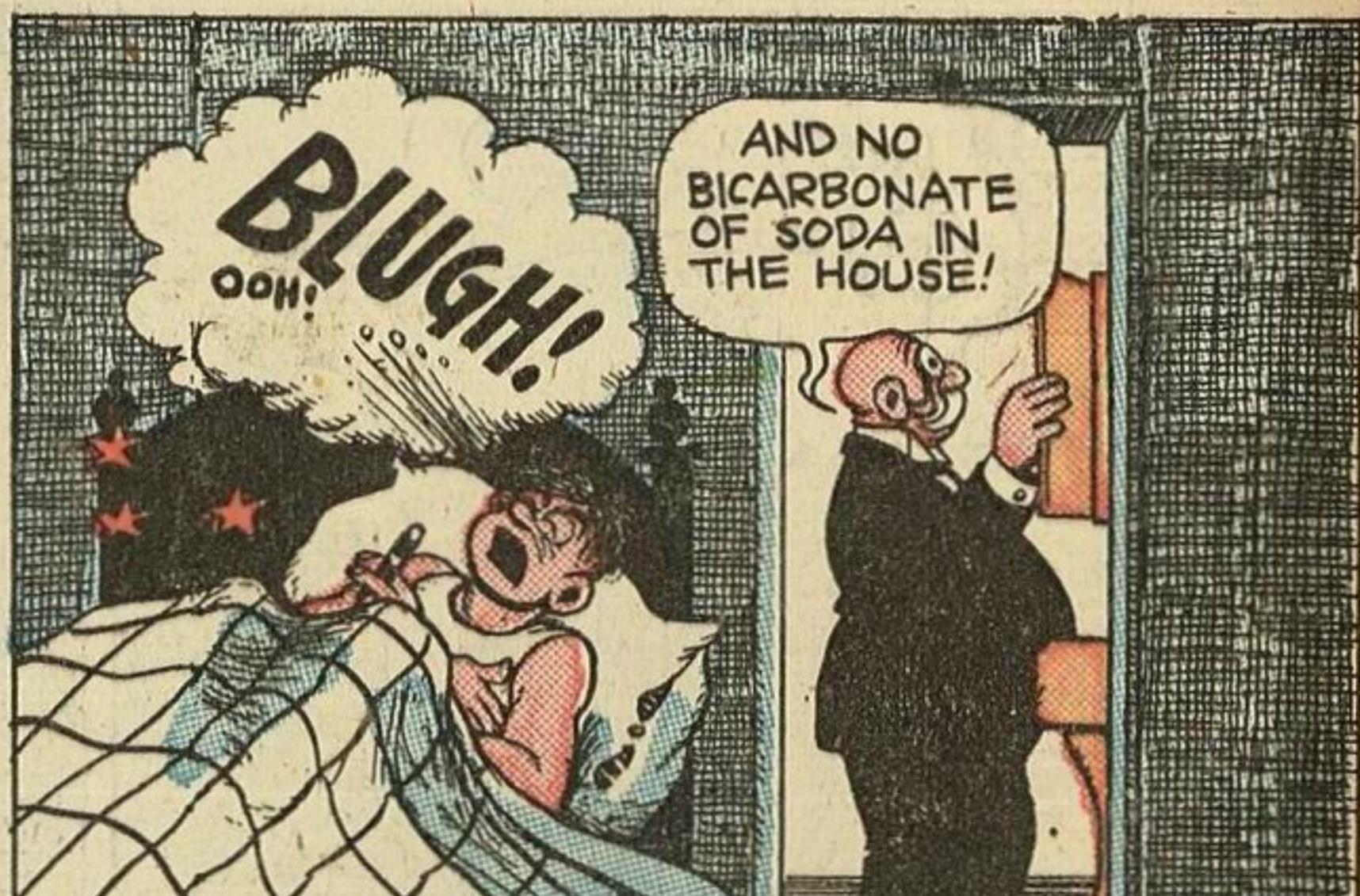
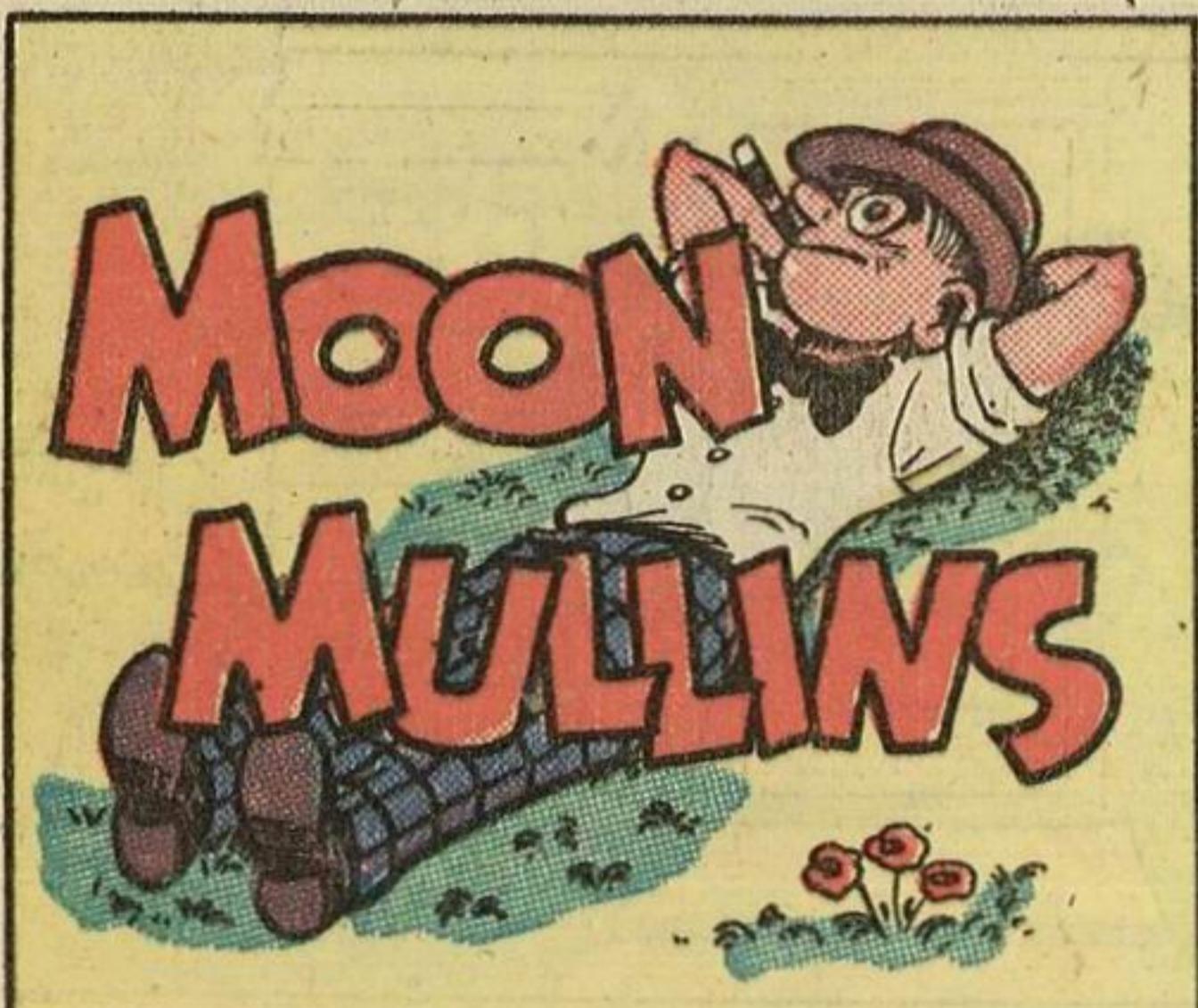
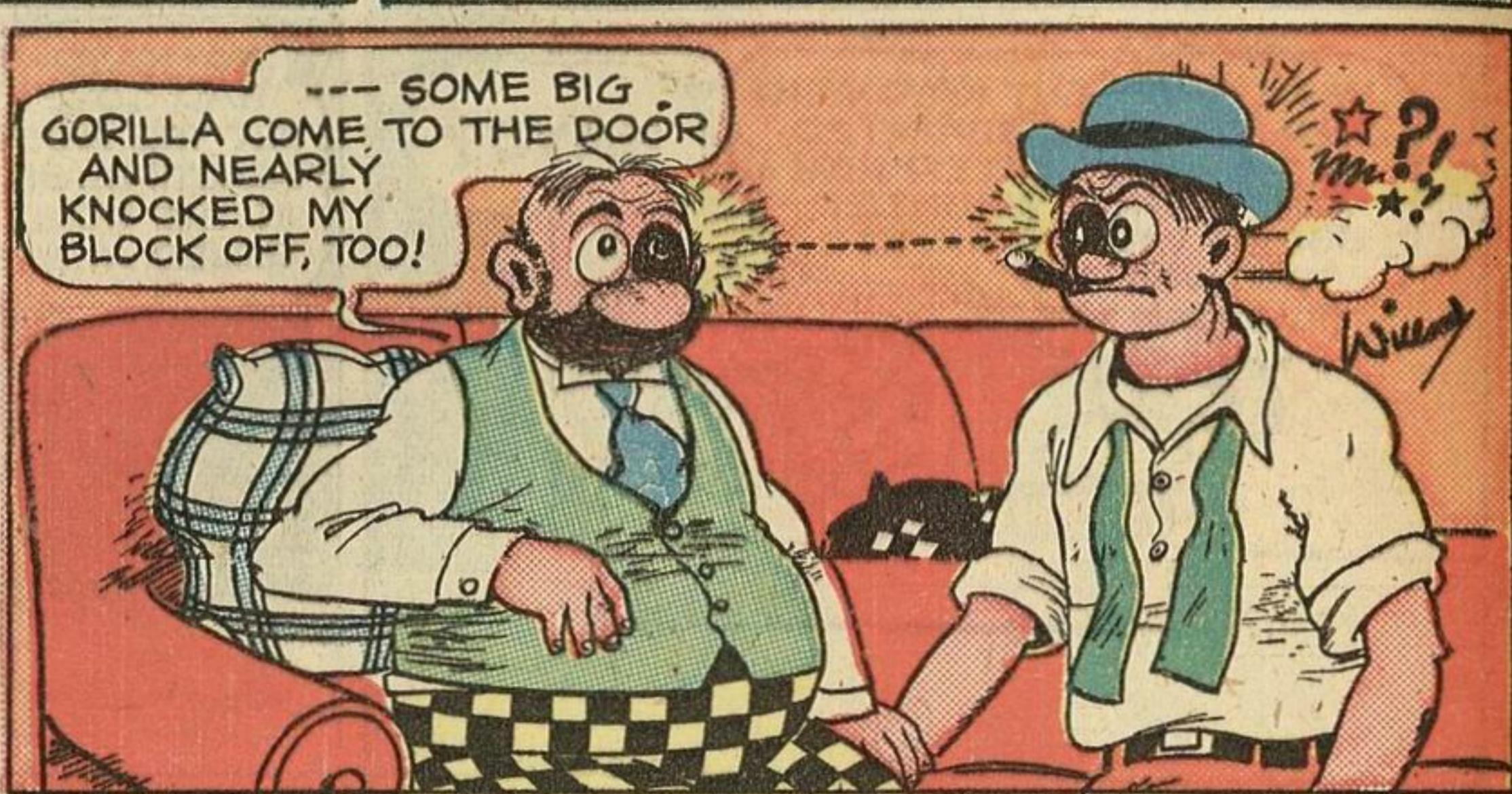
YES, I KNOW, BUT KAYO WENT OVER TO GET ACQUAINTED AND I WENT AFTER HIM! AND WHEN I WHISTLED, GUESS WHO CAME TO THE WINDOW!

KAYO?

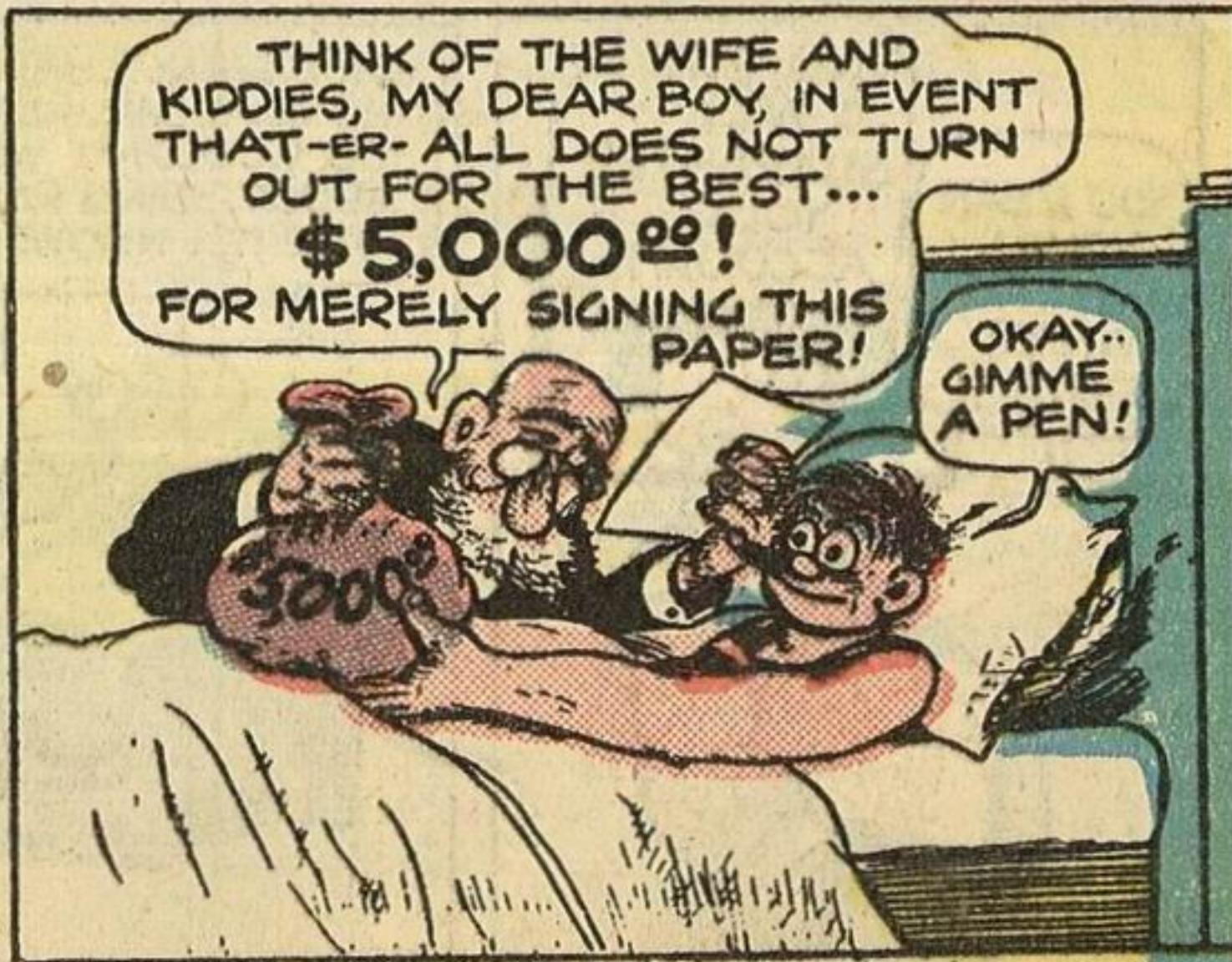
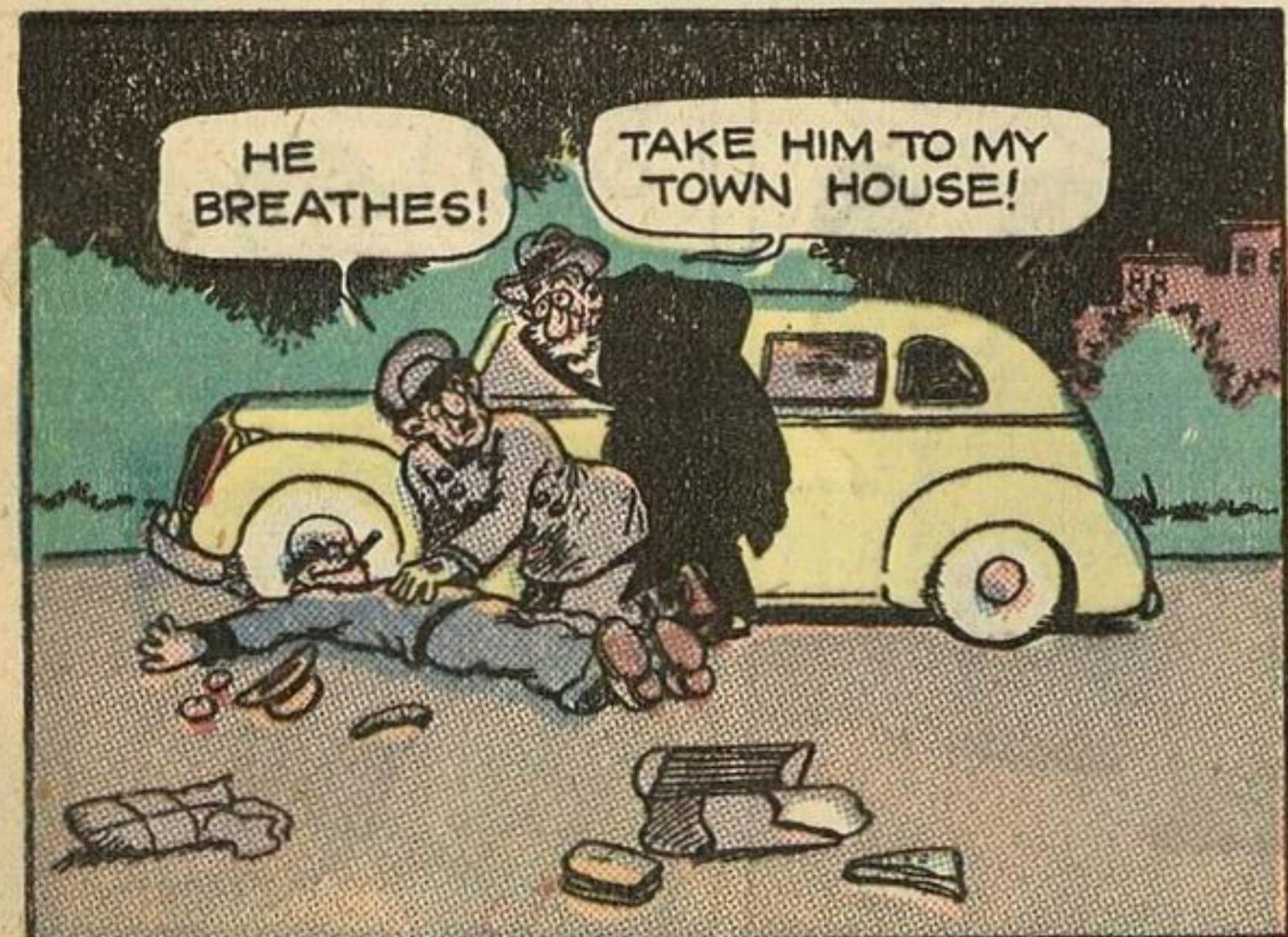
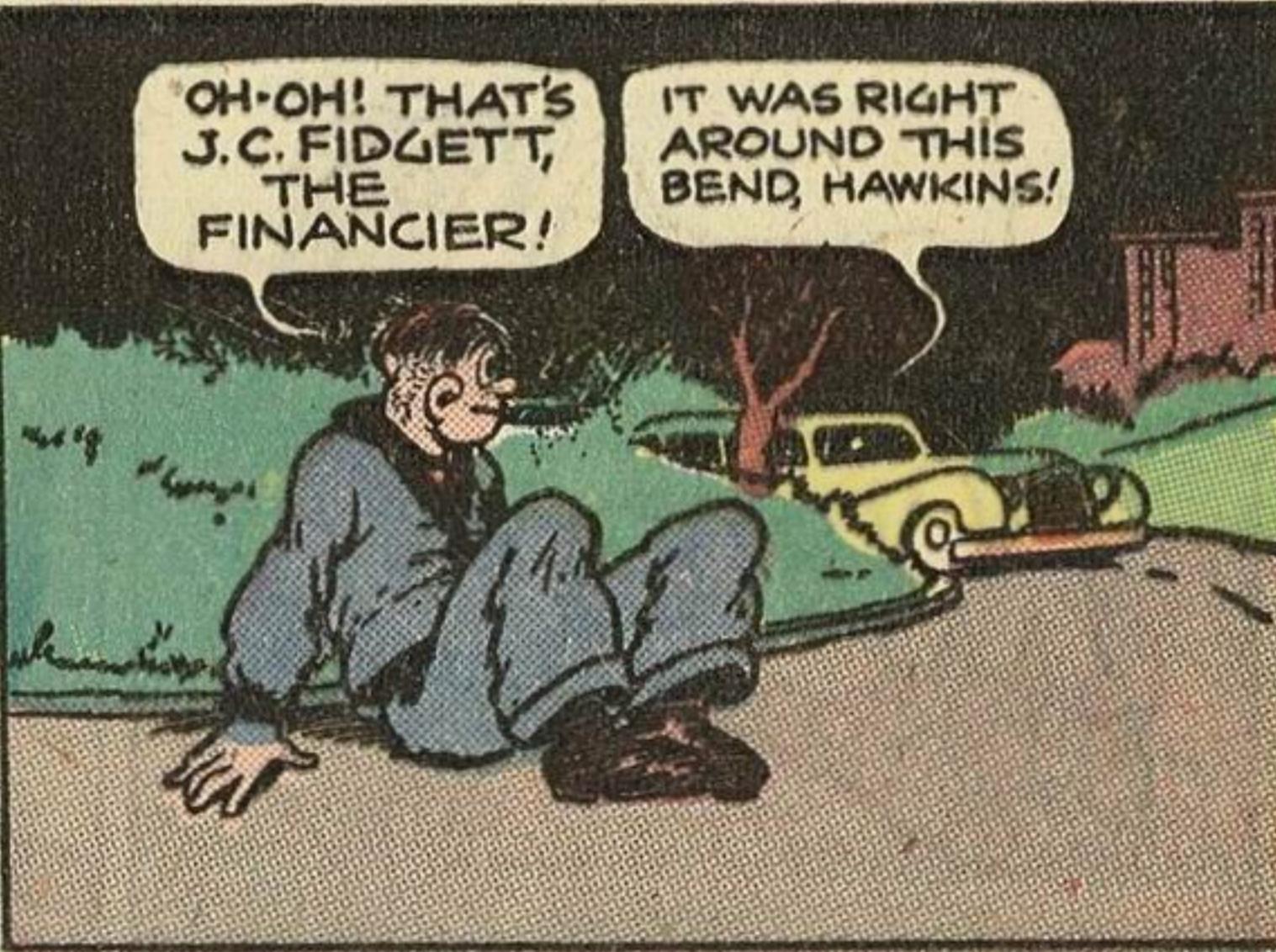
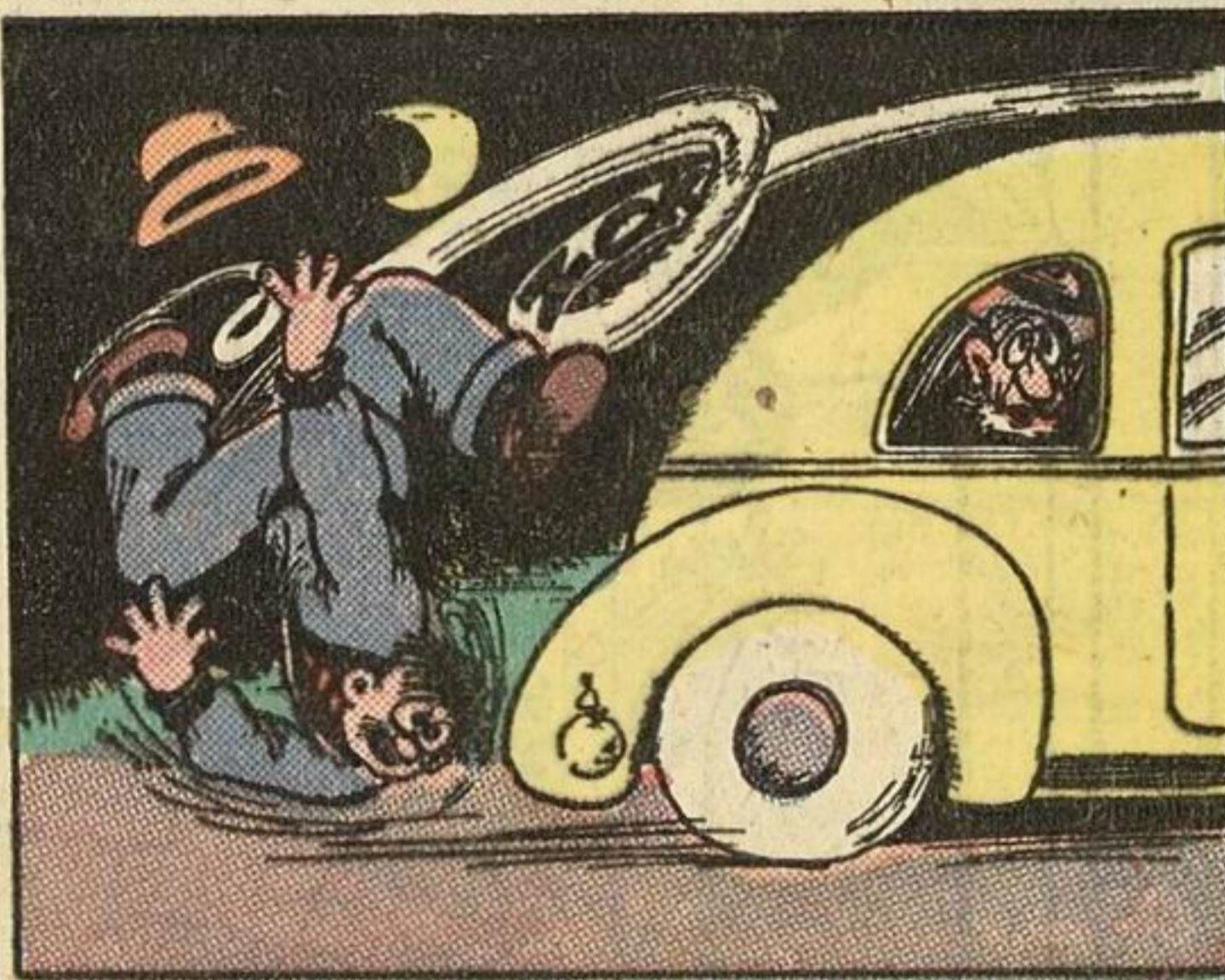
NO-KAYO HAD GONE! BUT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BLOND IN THE WORLD SMILED AT ME!

HUMM...I MUST COMMENCE BEING A BETTER NEIGHBOR, MYSELF!





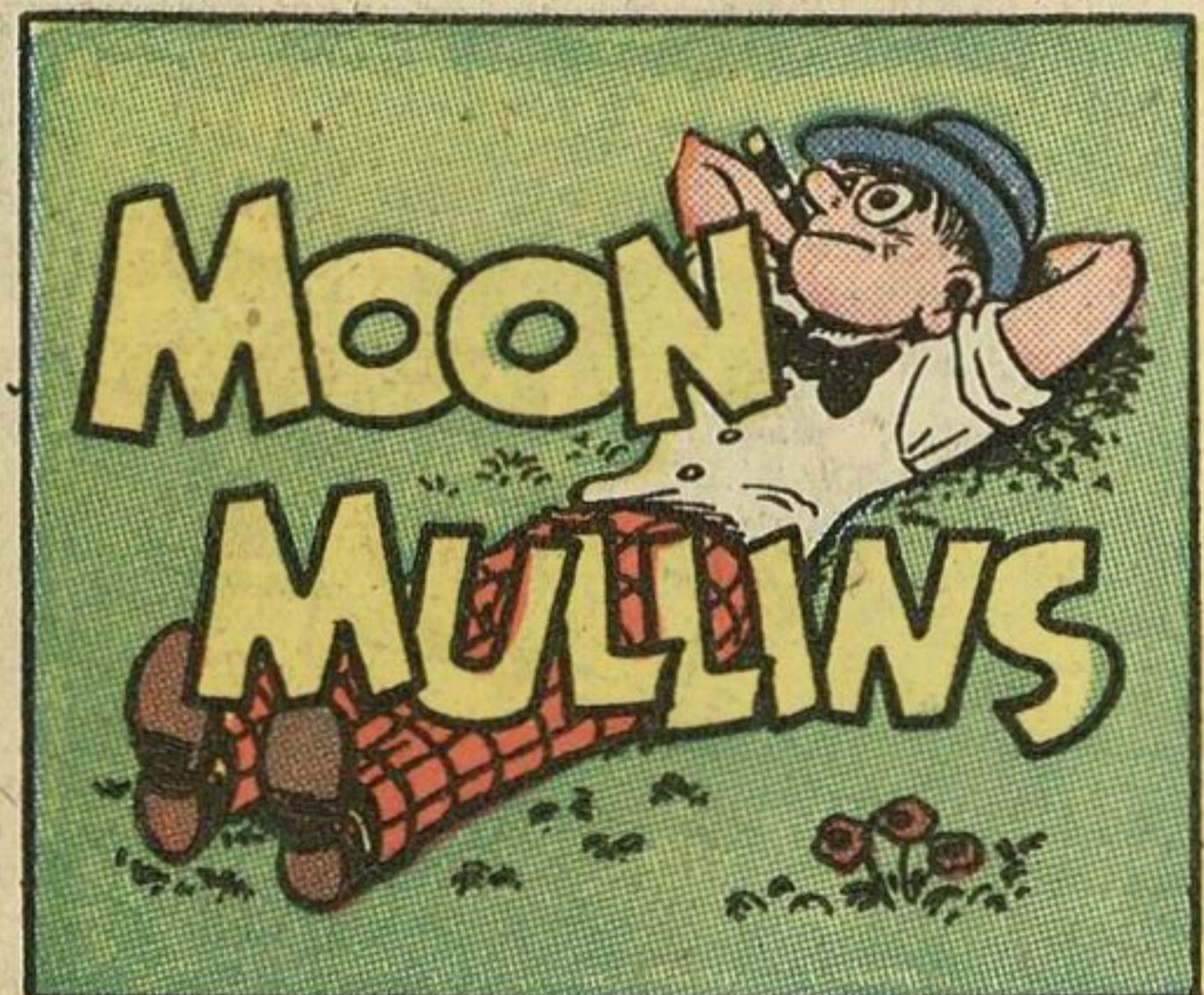
Moon Mullins



THE GUY
GIVES ME THE
WILLIES, HOLLERING
AND YELLING LIKE
THAT, SIR!

BOOST ME
UP TO THE
TRANSOM,
HAWKINS?

FIVE GEES!
UNCLE
WILLIE,
YOWIE!



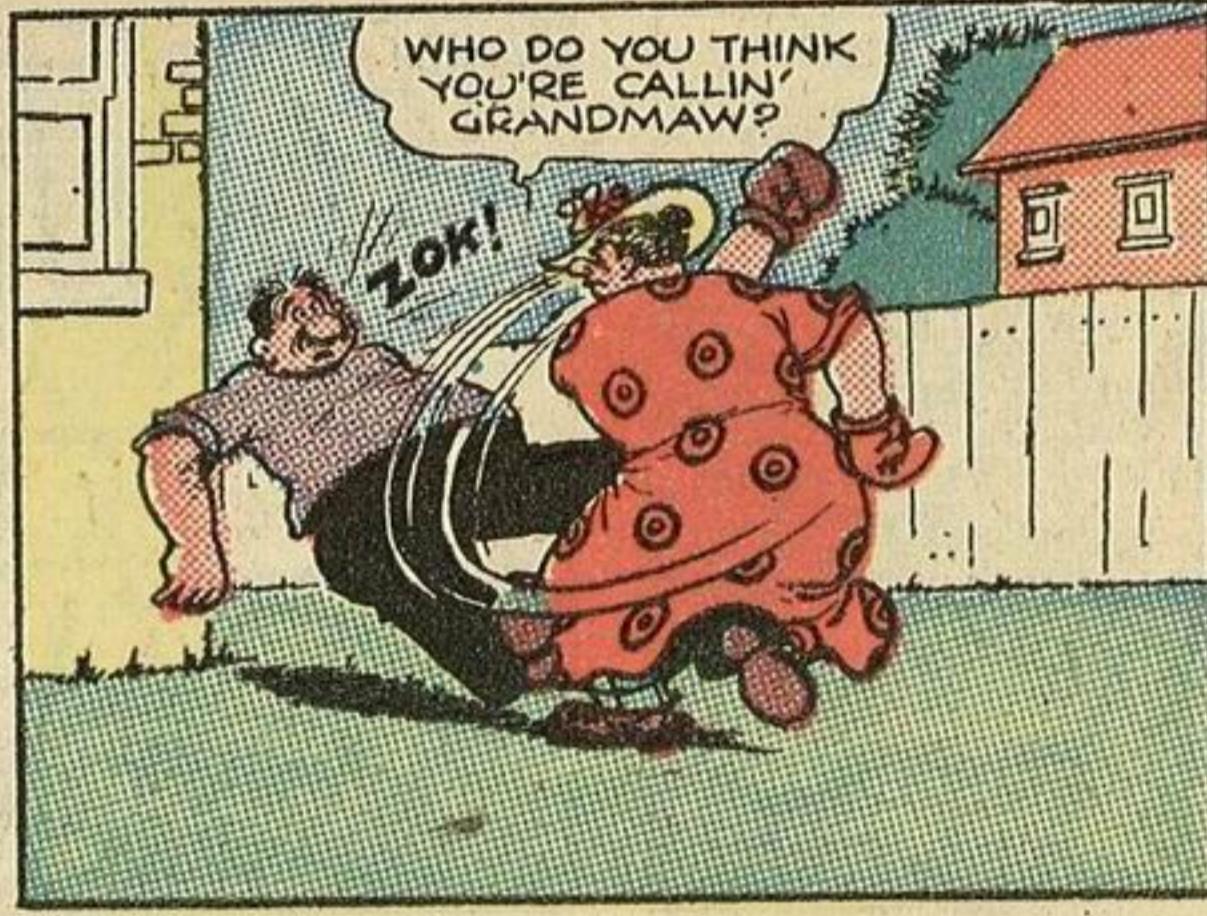
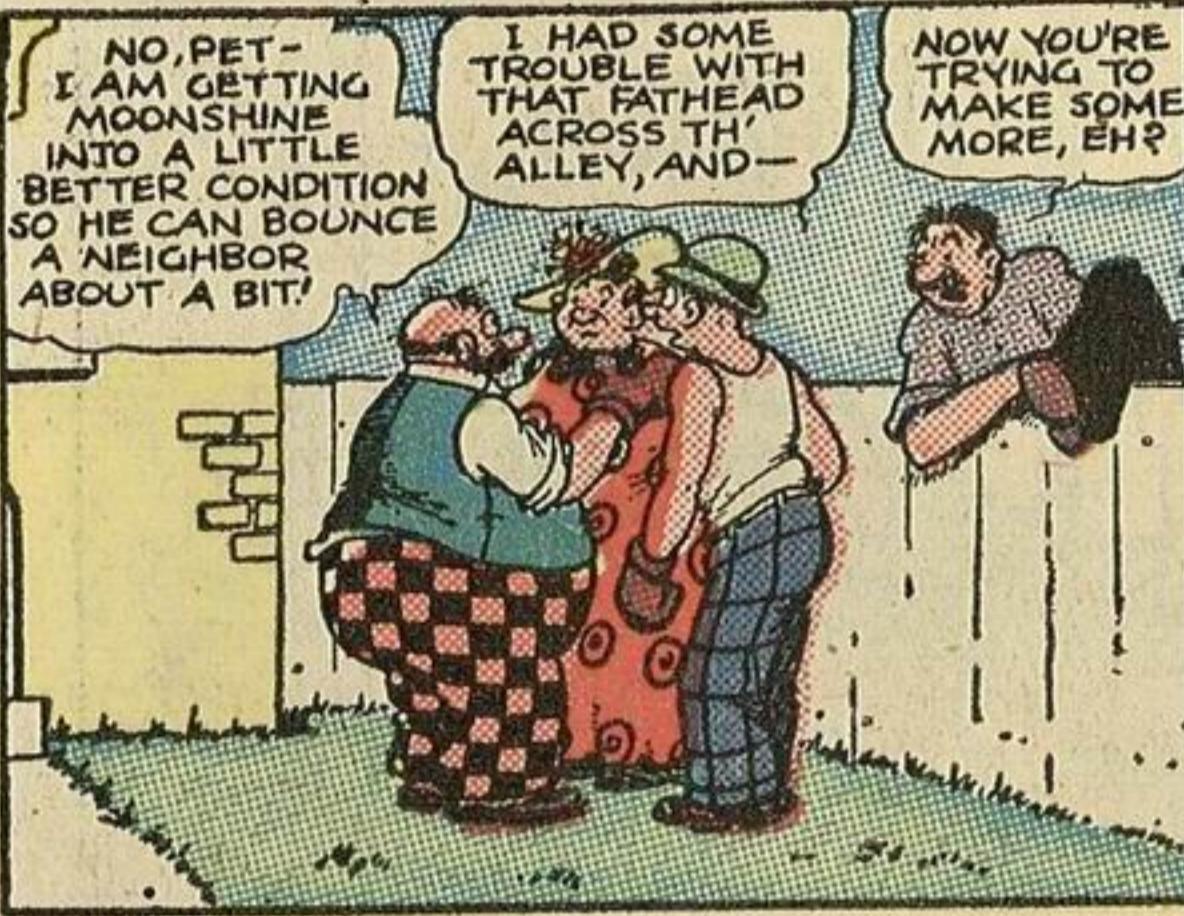
MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard

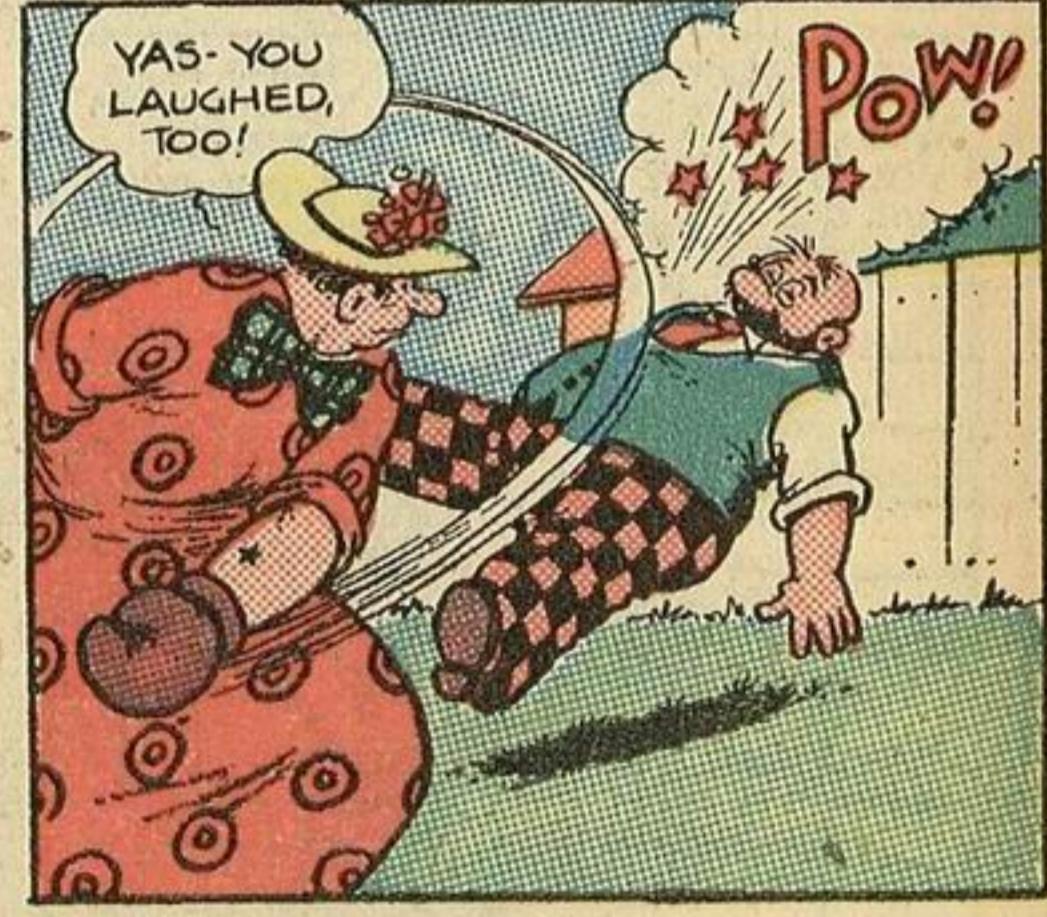


MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



YESSIR... CASTING REFLECTIONS ON MAMIE'S AGE IS BAD BUSINESS! AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT... JUST WATCH WHAT GIVES WITH MOON AND UNCLE WILLIE!



Moon Mullins

KAYO,
KEEP AWAY
FROM THEM
BEE HIVES!

ARE YOU
TRYIN' TO
KID ME,
MOON?

I'VE HAD HIVES
ENOUGH MYSELF
TO KNOW YOU
CAN'T SEE IF
A LITTLE THING
LIKE A BEE'S
GOT 'EM FROM
THERE!

BEE HIVES, KAYO,
IS THEM LITTLE
HOUSES WHERE
THE BEES MAKES
HONEY.

GEE! THE BEE'S
MAKE THE HONEY
AND I'LL MAKE
THE MONEY!
THAT'S
THE KIND OF A
BUSINESS
FOR ME!

JUST ONE!
YOU GET A
QUEEN BEE FIRST,
AND THE REST WILL
FOLLER HER WHERE
EVER SHE GOES!

THEY'S ABOUT
A MILLION
PILE UP
IN THERE!
WHICH
ONE'S
THE
QUEEN?

OW!

WOT
TH?

MR. GEESLEY!
YOU BETTER
COME GET
YOUR BEES!

YOW!

I'LL HAVE
TO GO GET
MY COPY OF
"THE AMATEUR
BEE BREEDER"
AND READ UP
ON HOW TO
GO ABOUT
THAT!

MY! MY!
I NEVER
SAW BEES
SETTLE
ON WATER
BEFORE!

NO-WE DON'T DARE FREE
THE BEES TILL WE GET THEM
HOME--THEN THEY
WON'T BE
A BIT OF
TROUBLE

WELL, THAT'S
WHERE ME
AND BEES
DIFFERS,
MR. GEESLEY!

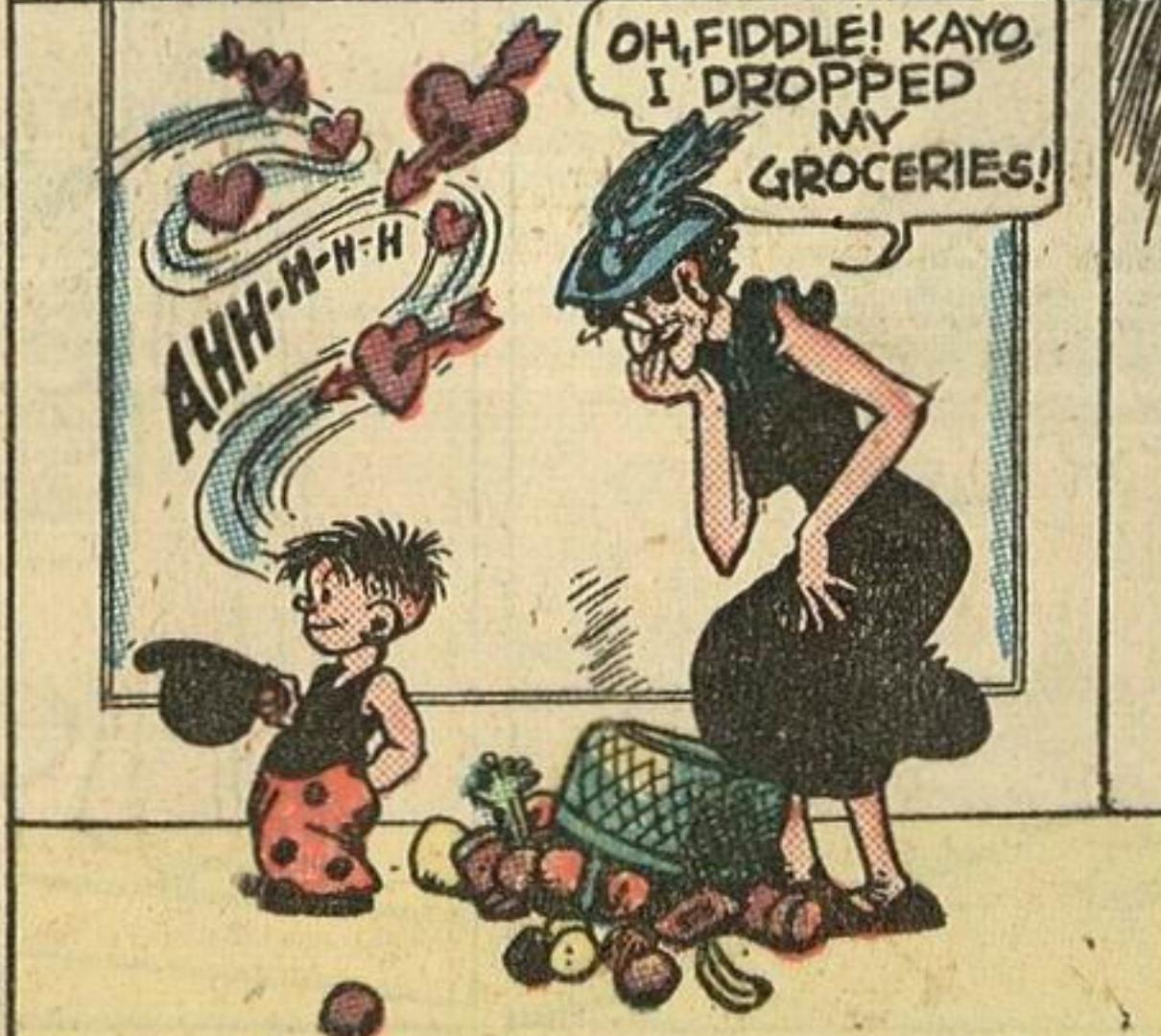
Moon Mullins

OH, THANK
YOU SO
MUCH!

GEE!

"LADIES FIRST!"
KAYO, WITHOUT A DOUBT
YOU'RE THE MOST
UNCOURTEOUS
KID I
EVER
SEEN!

WELL, TH'
DAME
DROPPED
HER
HANDKERCHIEF!



Moon Mullins

TH' FOURTH WARD VOTERS' CLUB IS THROWIN' A STAG TO NIGHT! FREE EATS, DRINKS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ALL FOR ONY TWO BUCKS A COPY.

UNCLE WILLIE!

WELL, I HAVE GOT EXACTLY FOUR BUCKS WHICH COULD GET US TWO TICKETS, IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE A WAY TO GET OUT TO NIGHT!

HEY!
THAT'S MY PIG BANK!

PIG BANKS AIN'T GOOD FOR KIDS, KAYO! I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENCOURAGIN' KIDS TO BE MISERS!

AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENCOURAGIN' GROWN-UPS TO BE BANK-ROBBERS!

ANY WAY, ALL I WANTED WAS TO BORRY A DIME TO BUY YOU A PRESENT!

YOU SHALL SEE, KAYO-COME ON TO THE DIME STORE WITH ME AND YOU SHALL SEE!

WELL,
WOT
IS IT?

HEY! LOOK AT WOT ME BRUDDER MOON BOUGHT ME-A JIG-SAW PUZZLE!

YES, SIR! AND I PERSONALLY OFFERS A CASH PRIZE OF TWO BUCKS TO TH' FIRST ONE WHICH WORKS IT!

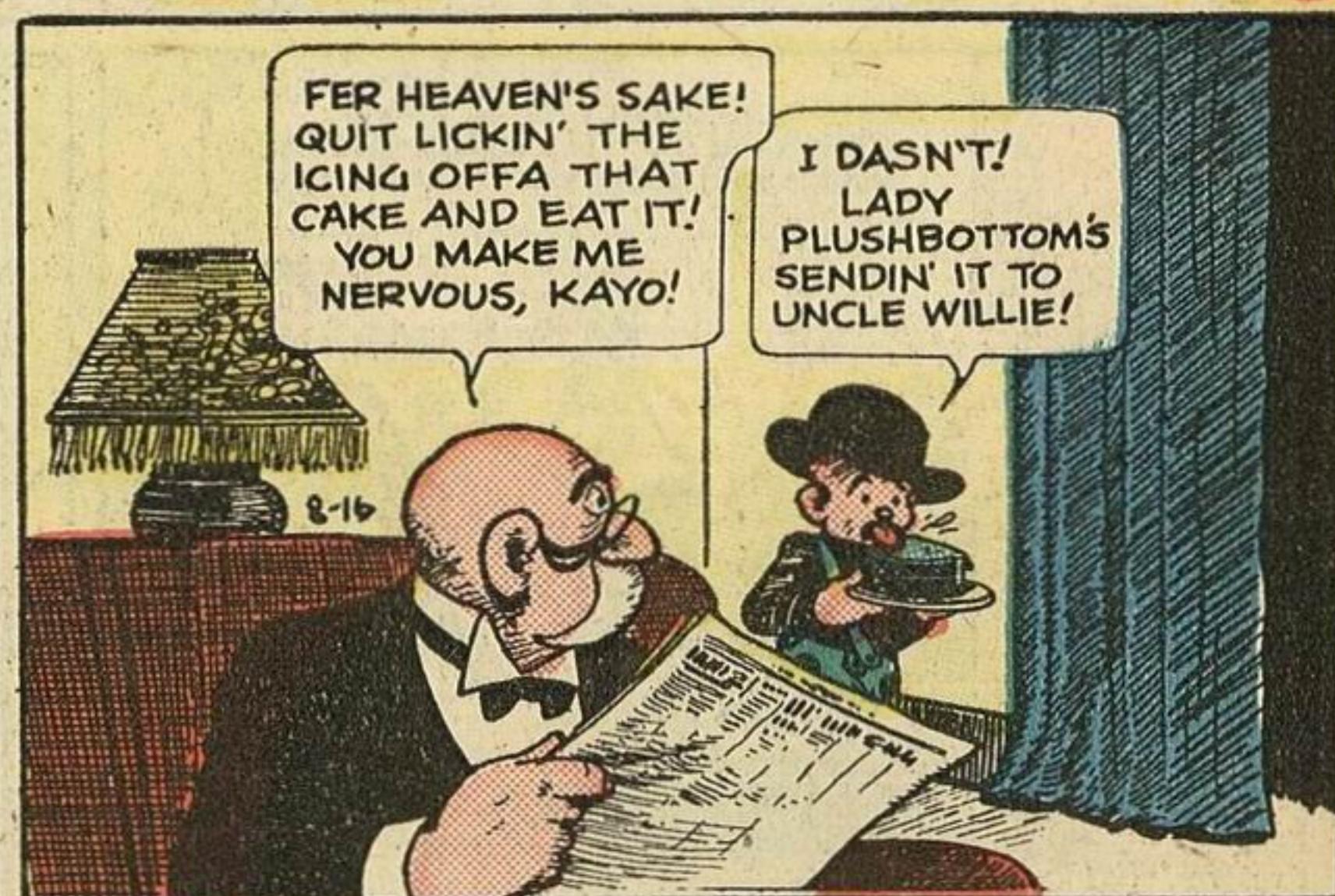
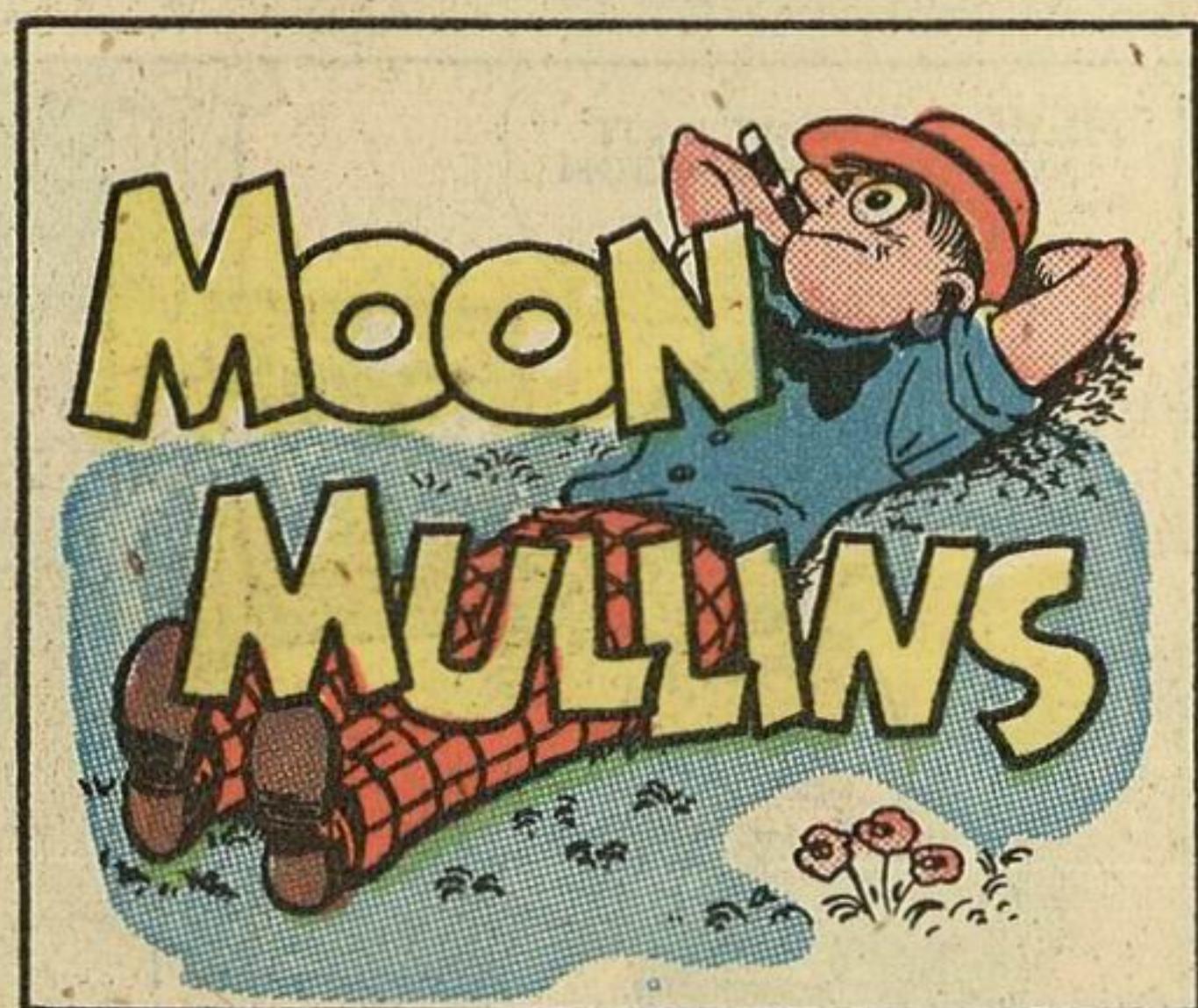
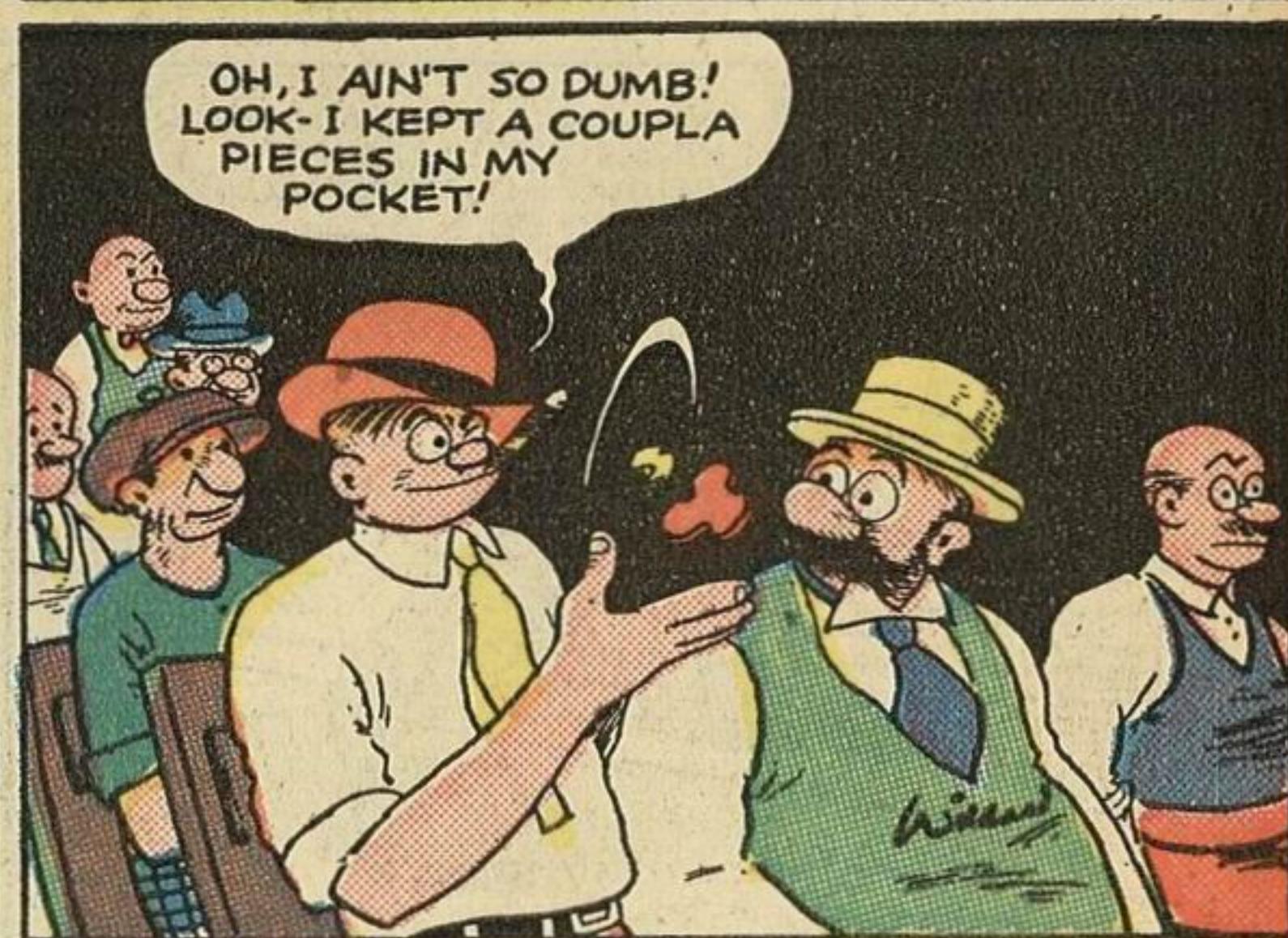
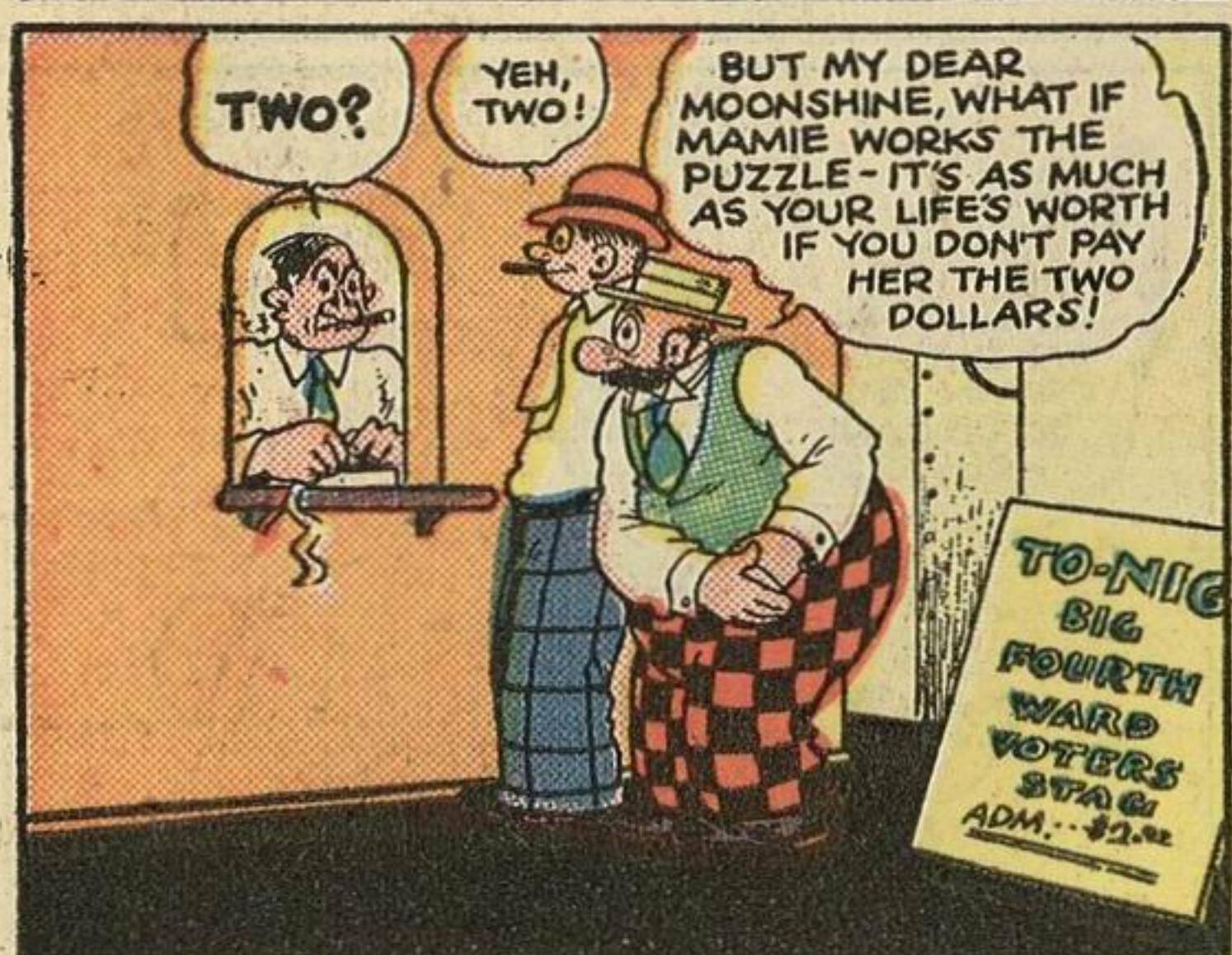
OUTTA MY WAY, WILLIE!

AW-I SAW IT FIRST!

THIS PIECE GOES THERE!

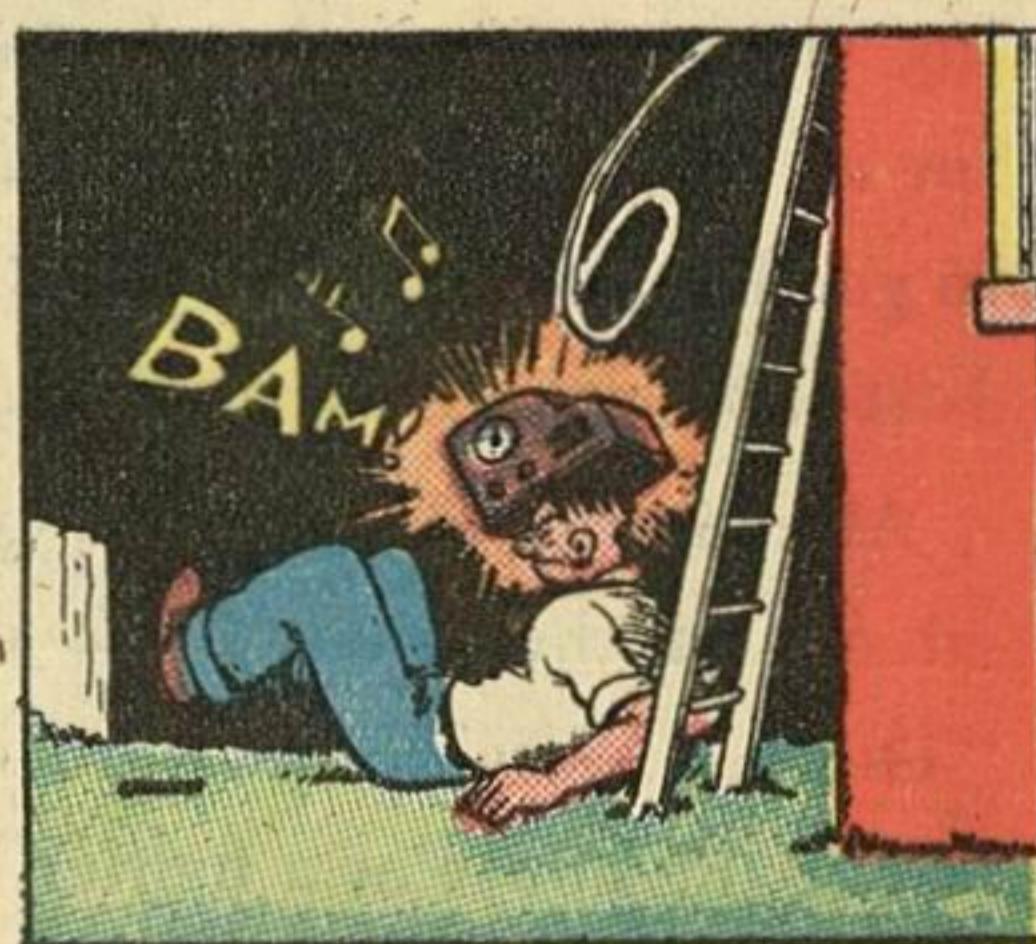
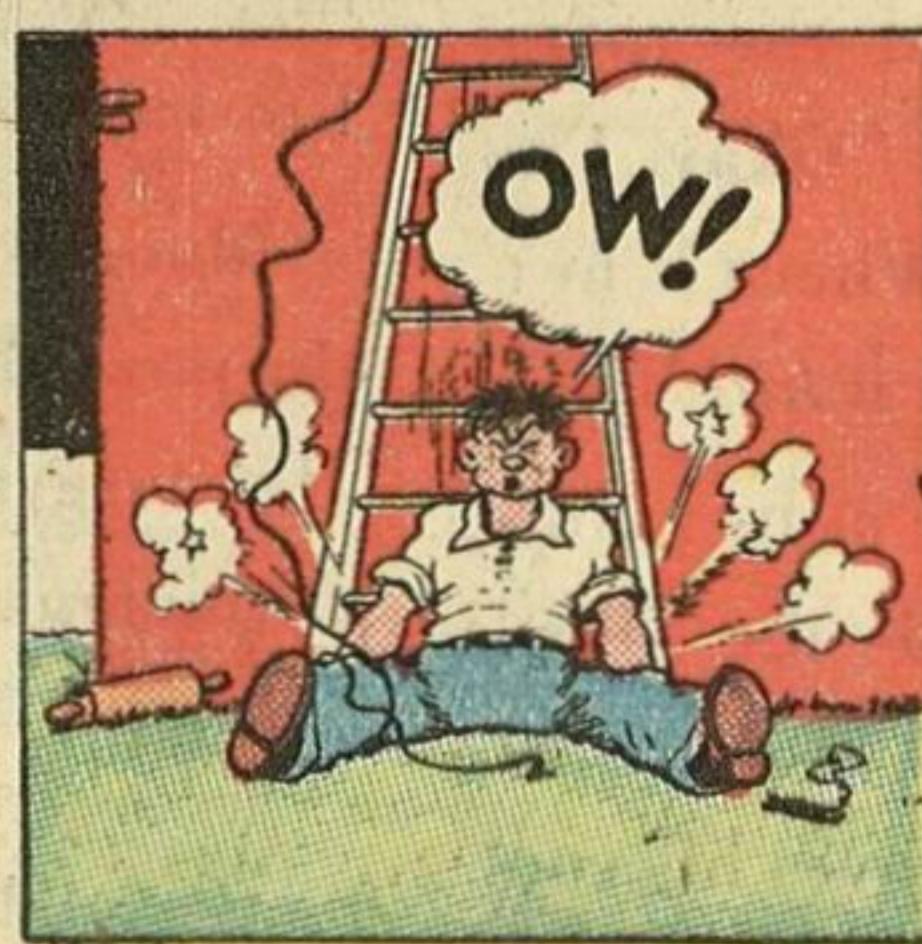
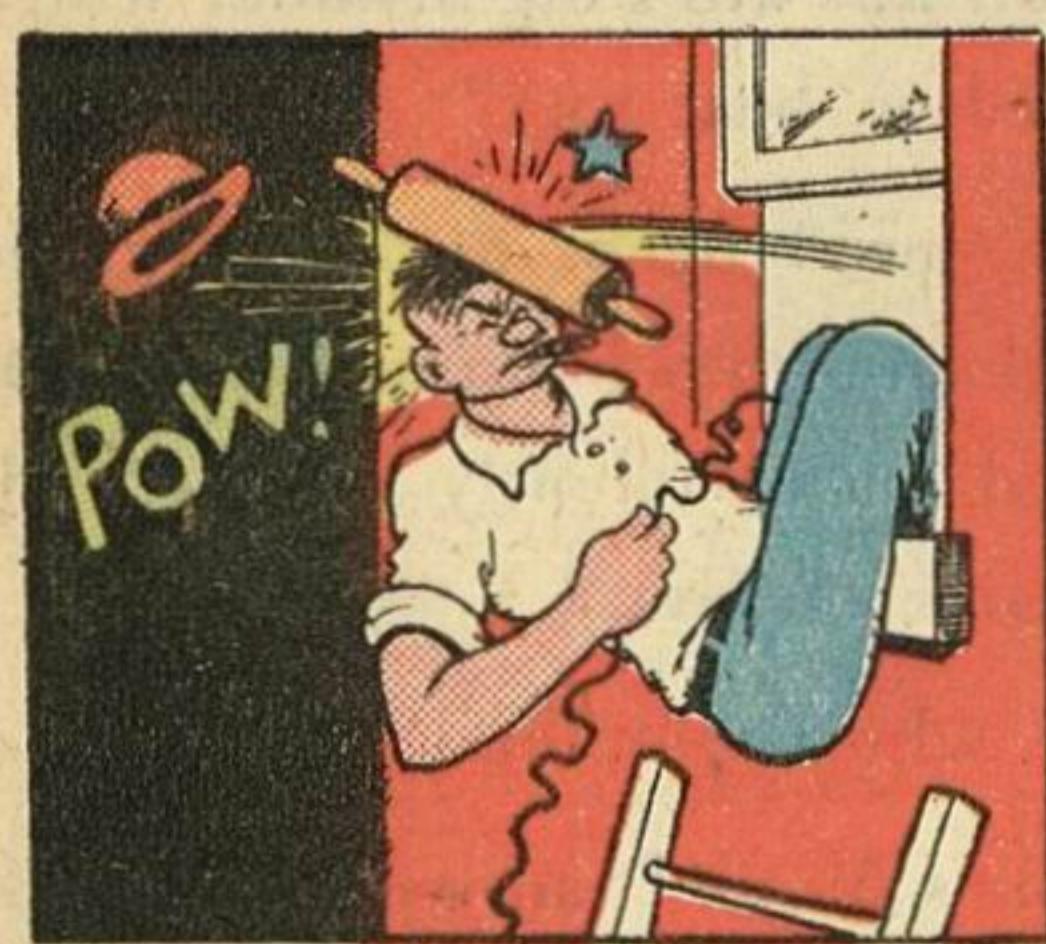
AND THIS ONE GOES HERE!

NO, PET-IT GOES THERE!



MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



me brudder, MOON

KAYO had been in a fight . . . on the losing end! He looked rueful as he gave Moon a blow-by-blow account.

"Then Warty says to me, 'Yeah?' So I says to him, 'Yeah!' Then Warty says, 'Iz-zatso?' So I says, 'Yeah!' So he slugs me!"

Moon tilted his derby to a belligerent angle. "Then what?" he asked Kayo.

"I throw a fast right . . . but not far enough. Warty slugs me again. I throw a left. He slugs me again. By this time, I'm gettin' sore, so I warns him!"

"Whaddaya mean?" Moon demanded.

"I told 'im about you! I says, 'Me brudder, Moon, is a terror—an' I take after him!' He says, 'Me big brudder Monk kin lick yer brudder, Moon!' I says . . . "

"All right, I get it," Moon interrupted, rising. He thrust his chest out, took a fighting stance and pranced about the room for an instant, shadow-boxing. "Okay, I'm in good shape," he decided. "Where is he? Just show me where he lives. I'll kill 'im!"

Affection lit Kayo's good eye as he pointed out of the window towards the alley. "There," he said. He watched Moon start out of the house as a fighter leaves his corner when the bell sounds. "Me brudder, Moon," he said lovingly.

Just five minutes later, the door burst open again, and Moon sped into the house. His derby was mashed in and he had a face to match. "Arnica! Smellin' salts! Iodine!" he shouted to Kayo. "Don't just sit there . . . do somethin'!"

"Gee, Moon, yer sure banged up," Kayo said tenderly. "I'd like ta see what you did to the other guy!"

"I couldn't get close enough ta see the color of the guy's shirt," Moon winced as he applied iodine to his wounded chin. "Uppercuts, roundhouses, haymakers an' a couple I never even heard of! That guy's a killer! Why din'tcha tell me he was so tough? I never wanna tangle wid him again, believe . . . answer the door, Kayo!"

When Kayo opened the door at the insistent demand of the buzzer, his good eye widened. "Hey," he said weakly, "what're you doin' here? I thought . . . I mean . . ."

The new visitor didn't stop for conversation. He simply launched about two hundred pounds of muscle at Moon, demanding, "Are you this kid's big brudder which I'm supposed to beat up?"

Moon staggered back, as he surveyed the powerful shoulders looming above him. He staggered more violently as a horrible suspicion came to him.

"Who . . . who're you, bud?" he choked.

"Me name's Monk," answered the visitor, cracking his knuckles.

"Then . . . then who was the guy I just . . ."

"Oh, him? That was me *kid* brudder, Warty. And I'm his *big* brudder, Monk. Get it?"

Moon got it!

MOON MULLEINS

GEE! LADY PLUSHBOTTOM'S ENTERTAININ' HER LADIES' CLUB WITH "PRESTO, THE MAGICIAN" AND ICE CREAM AND CAKE, KITTY!

THE HECK WITH THE LADIES AND "PRESTO"! SHOW ME THE ICE CREAM AND CAKE!

MY FIRST WONDERFUL TRICK, MY DEAR FRIENDS, IS HOW TO MAKE ZE CHICKEN!

FIRST BREAK ZE EGG INTO ZOMETHEENG! YOUR HUSBON'S HAT WILL DO!

ZEN COVER ZE HAT WEETH ZE MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF!

WHAT? OH, YOU WORRY ABOUT ZE EGG?

PRESTO! EET IS A CHICKEN!

GEE! THAT MAN IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS!

POOEY! I THINK THE GUY'S A FAKE! GO GET ME HIS HAT!

AH!
AH!
MARVELOUS!

WONDERFUL!

UH!

AH!



THERE IT IS!

NOW, I'LL BUST A EGG IN IT!

KAYO! BRING PROF PRESTO'S HAT IN HERE, IMMEDIATELY! "NO 'BUTS' ABOUT IT. HAND ME THAT HAT!"



PROFESSOR, YOU WERE SIMPLY MARVELOUS!

I ZANK YOU, BEAUTIFUL LADIES! AND NOW I MUS' BID YOU—

WONDERFUL!
COLOSSAL!



SEE?
NO CHICKEN!
I GUESS I PROVED THE FELLER'S A FAKE!

Willard

MOON MULLINS



SAY, WHERE DO YOU GET THAT GRANDMAW STUFF, GIRLIE?

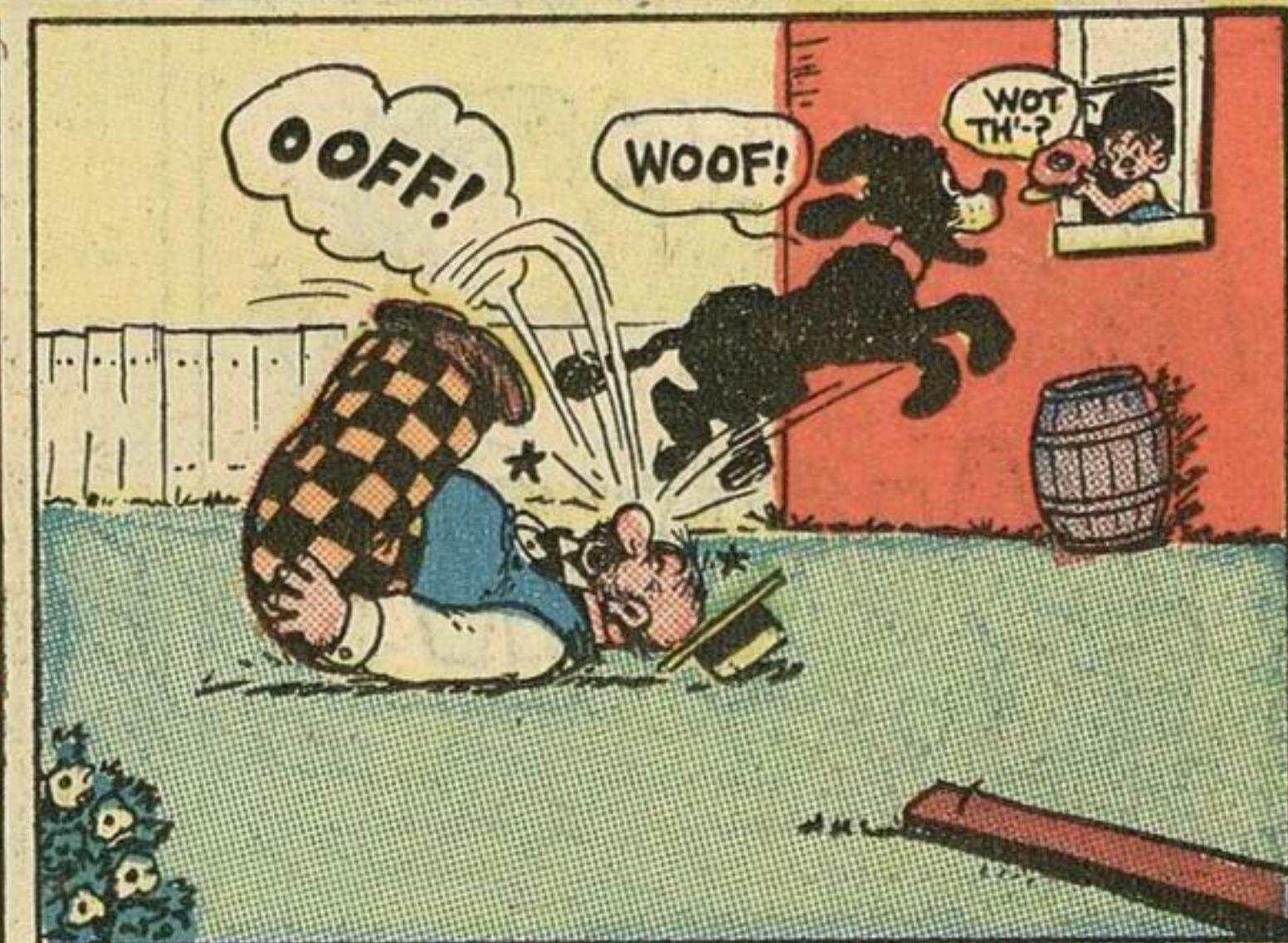
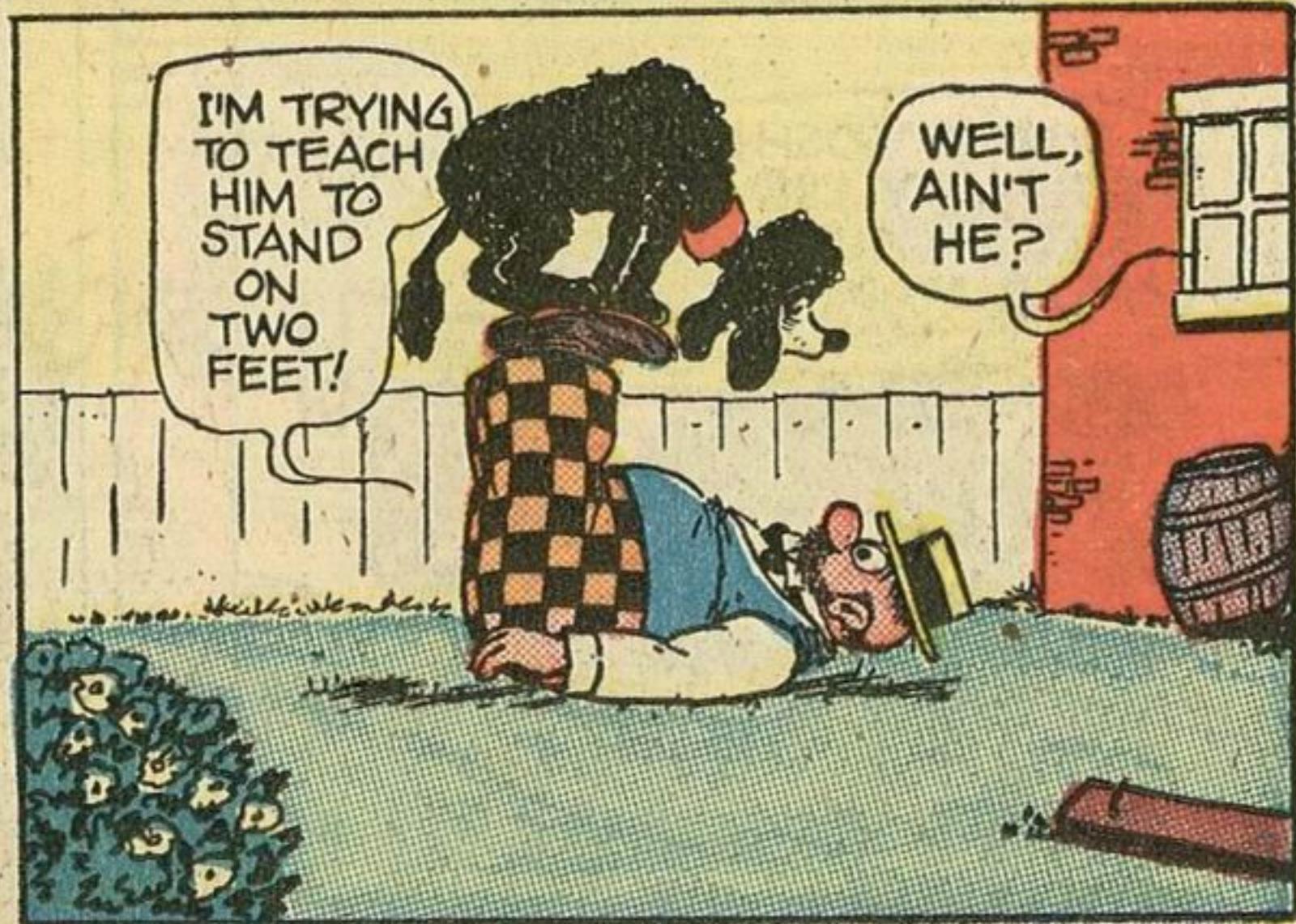
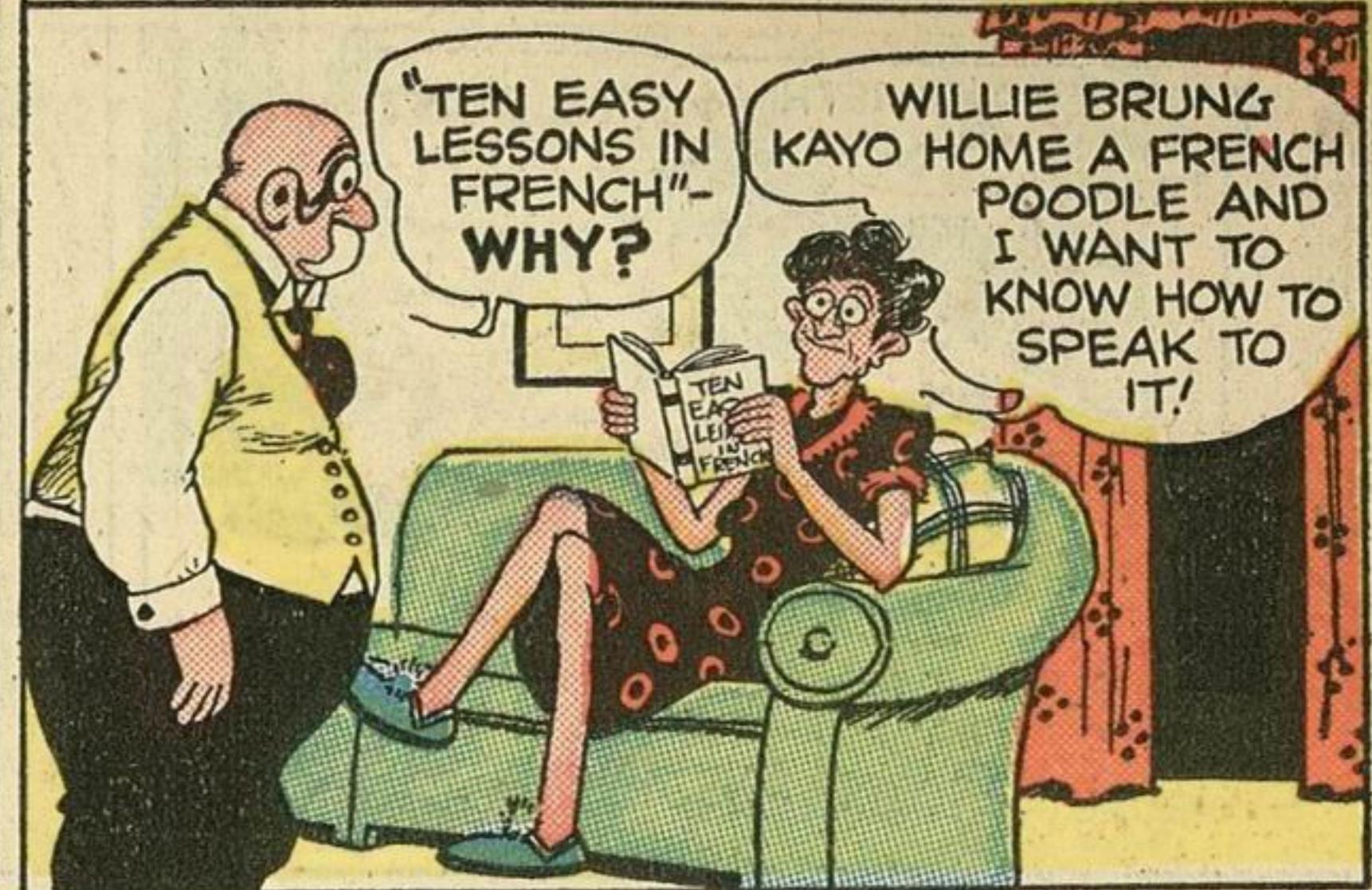
SHE JEST LOOKS LIKE MY GRANDMAW, BUT SHE AIN'T!

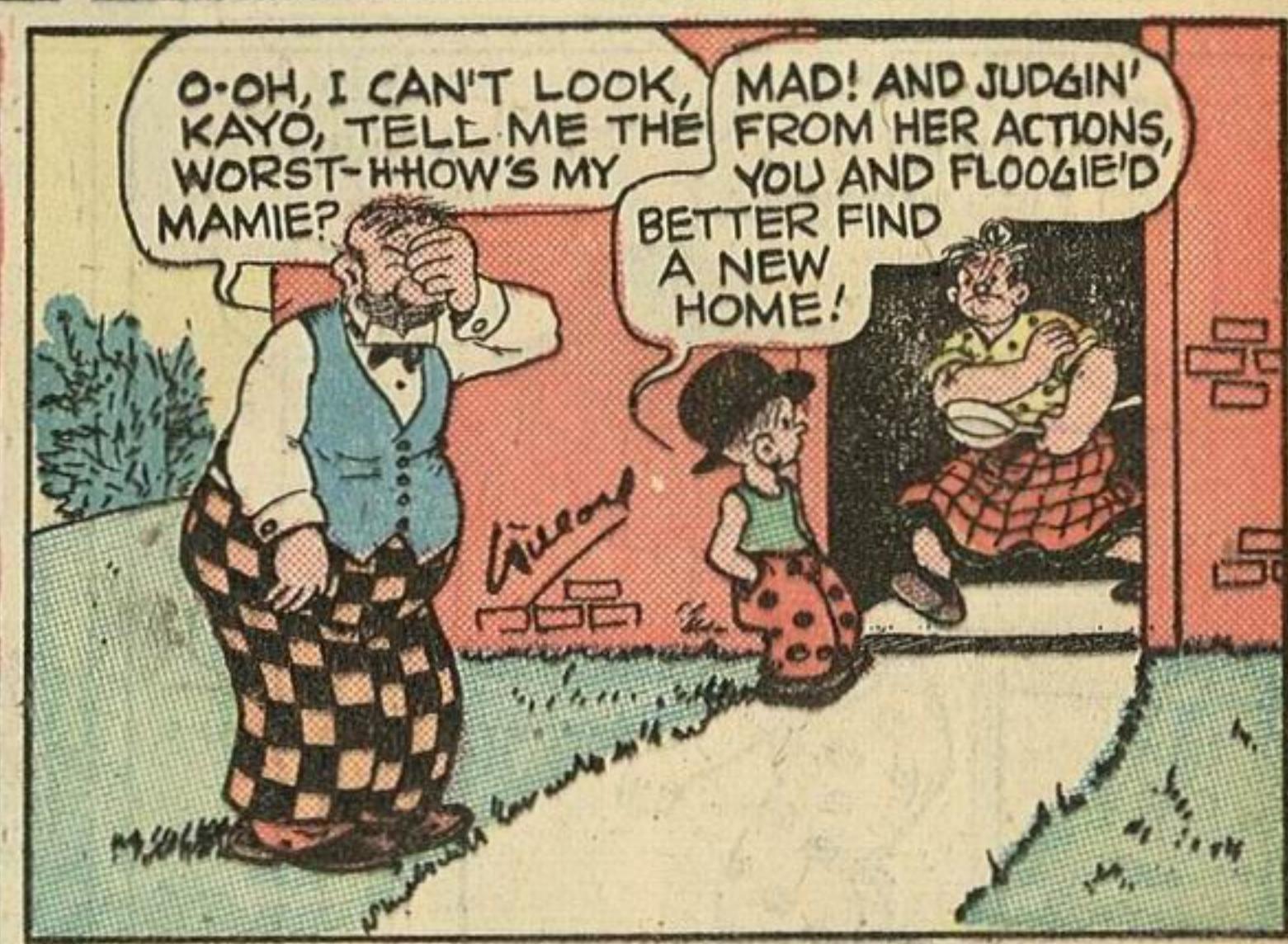
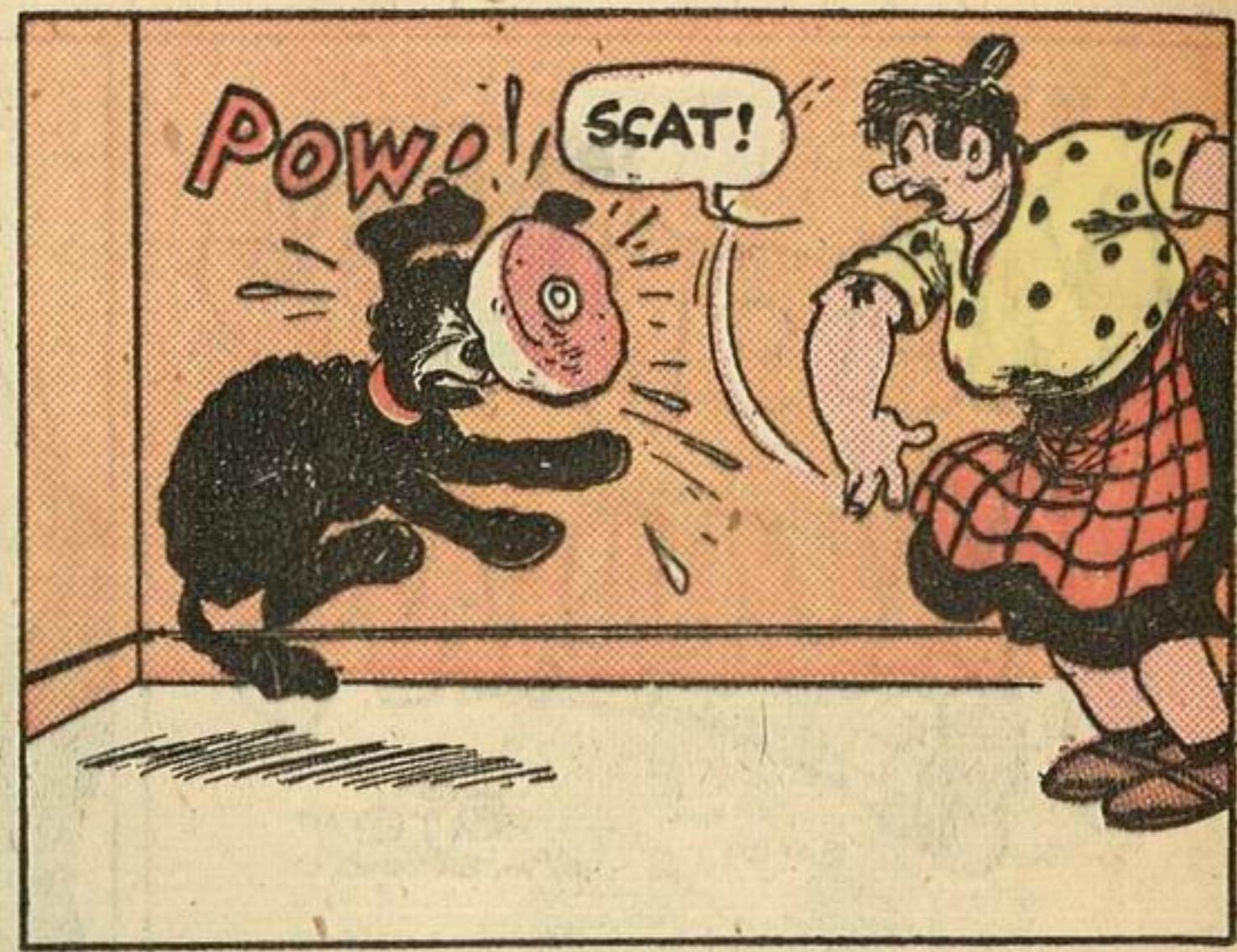
THEN WHAT IS SHE TO YOU?

JEST A LOTTA TROUBLE, MISS JONES! JEST A LOTTA TROUBLE!



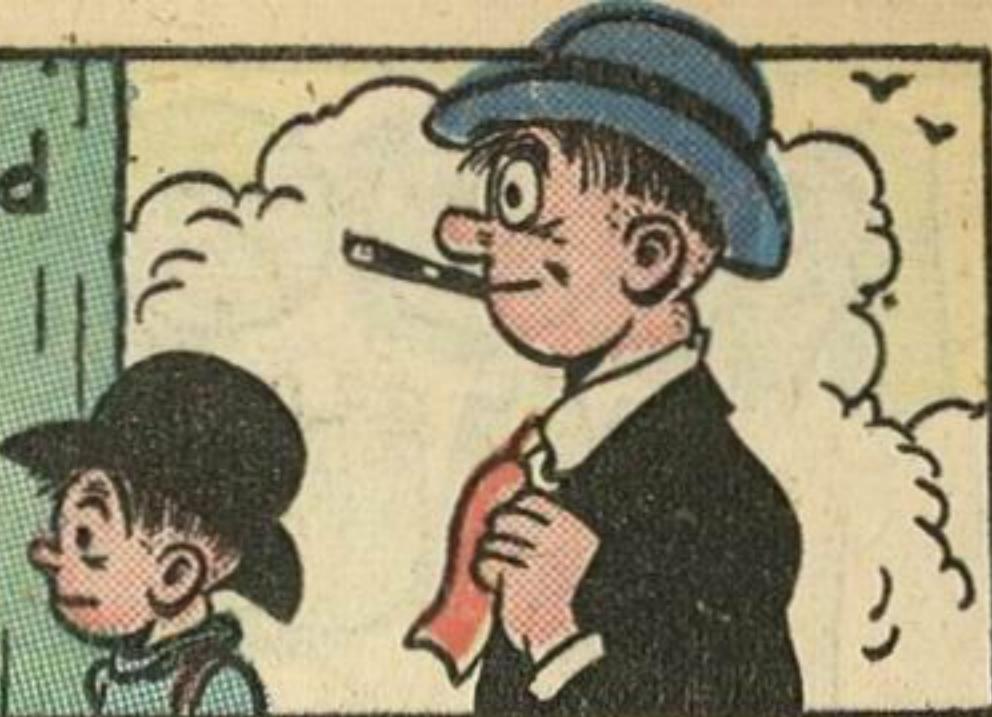
Moon Mullins





MOON MULLINS

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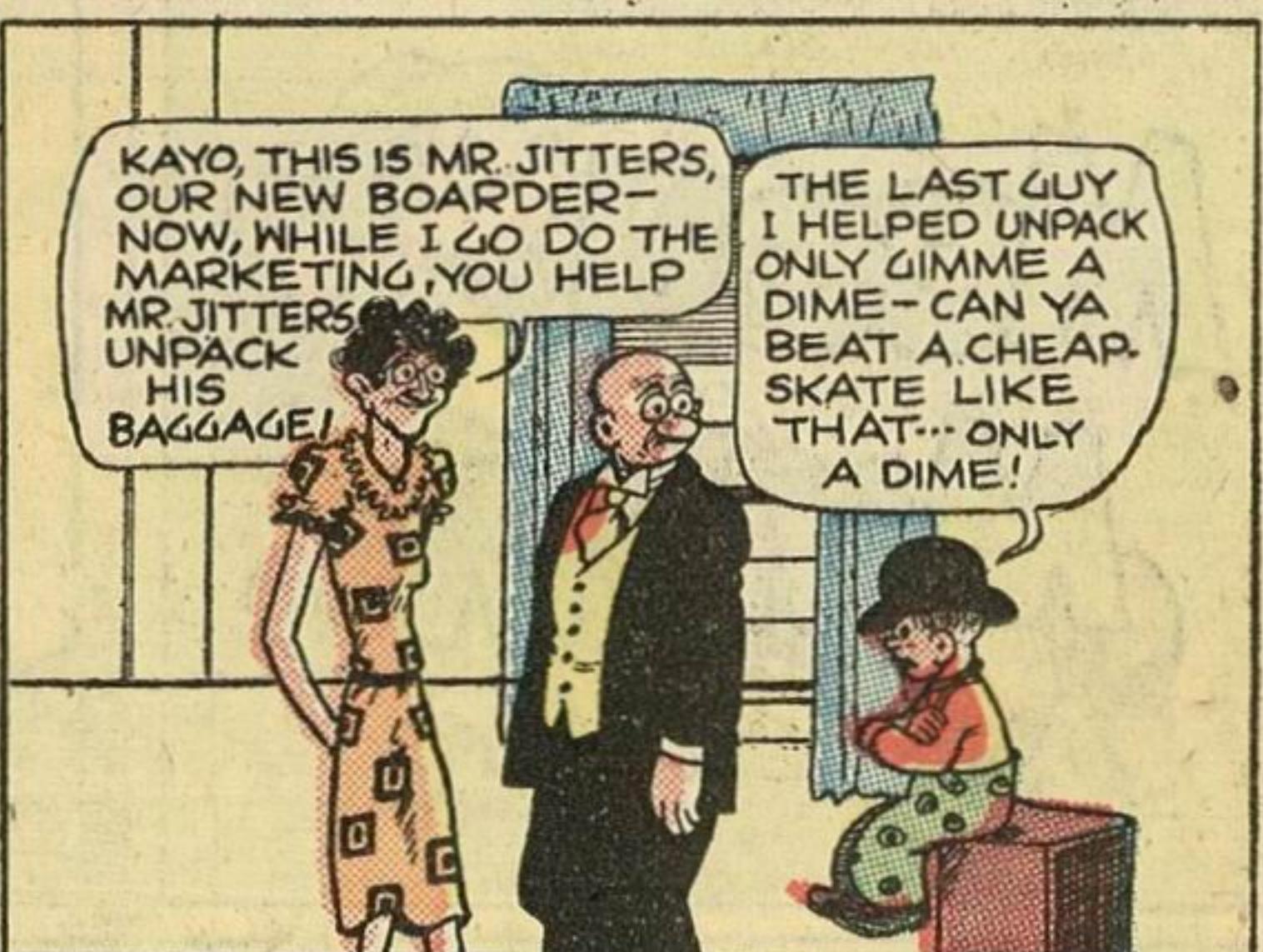
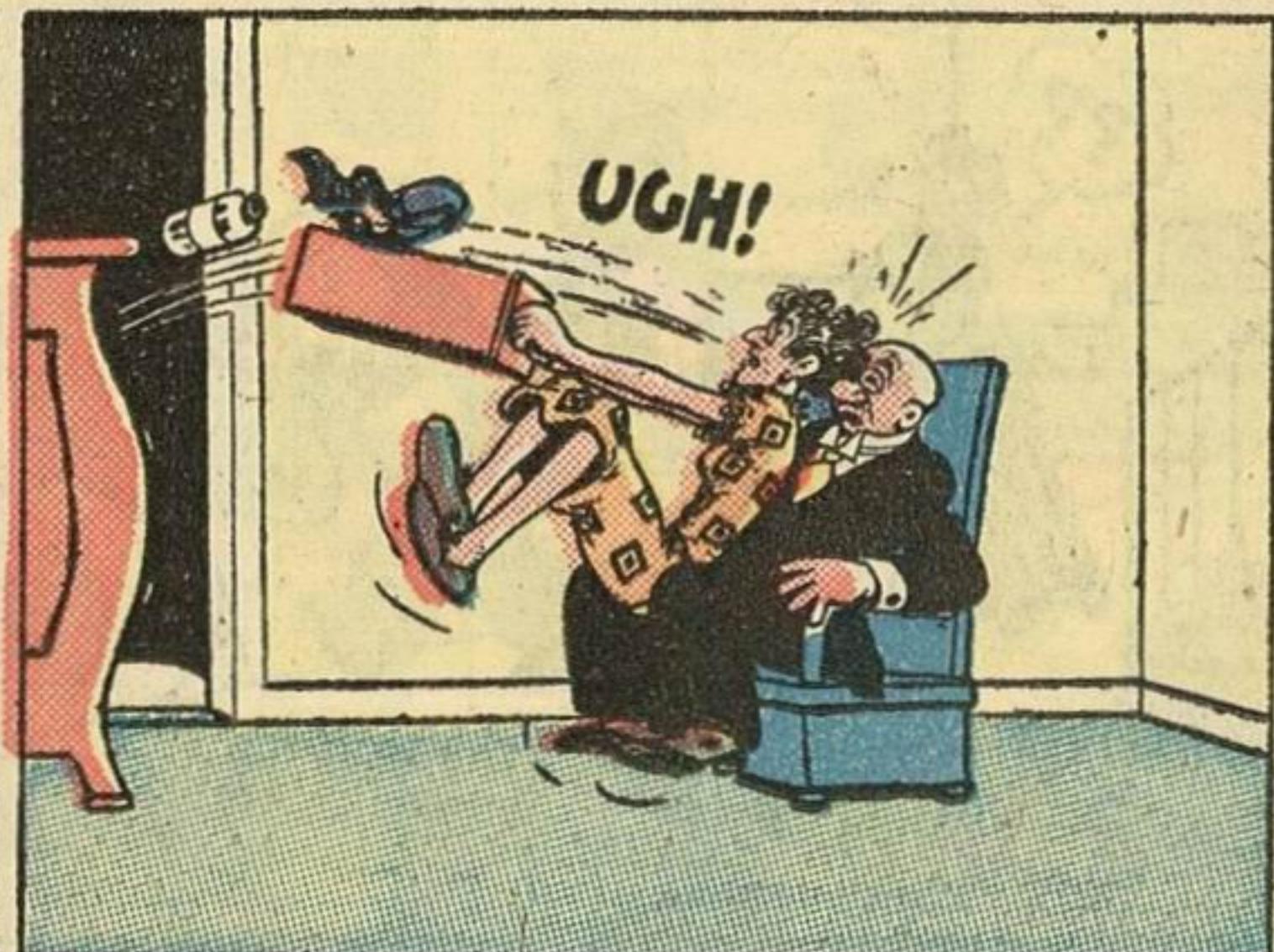


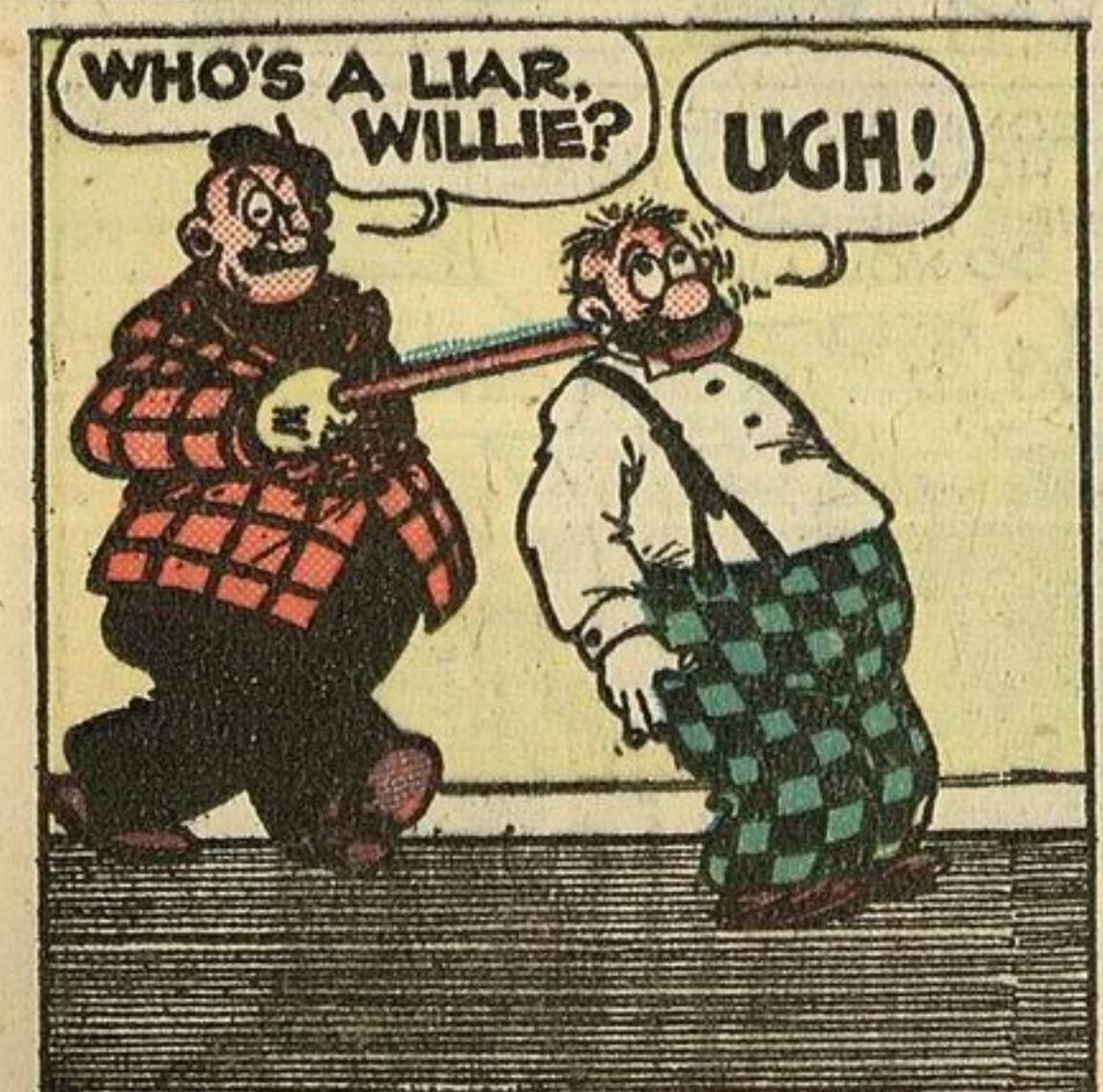
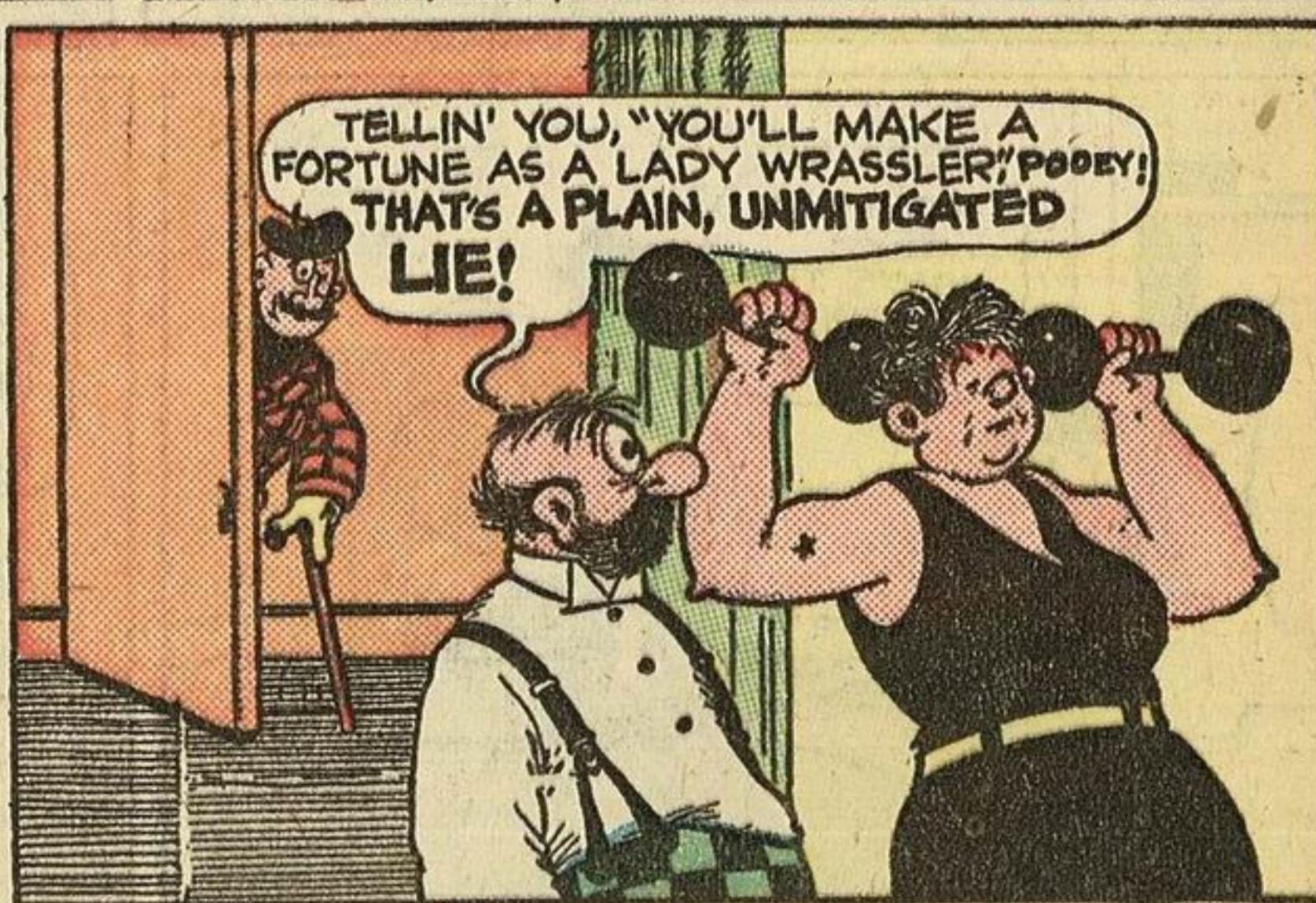
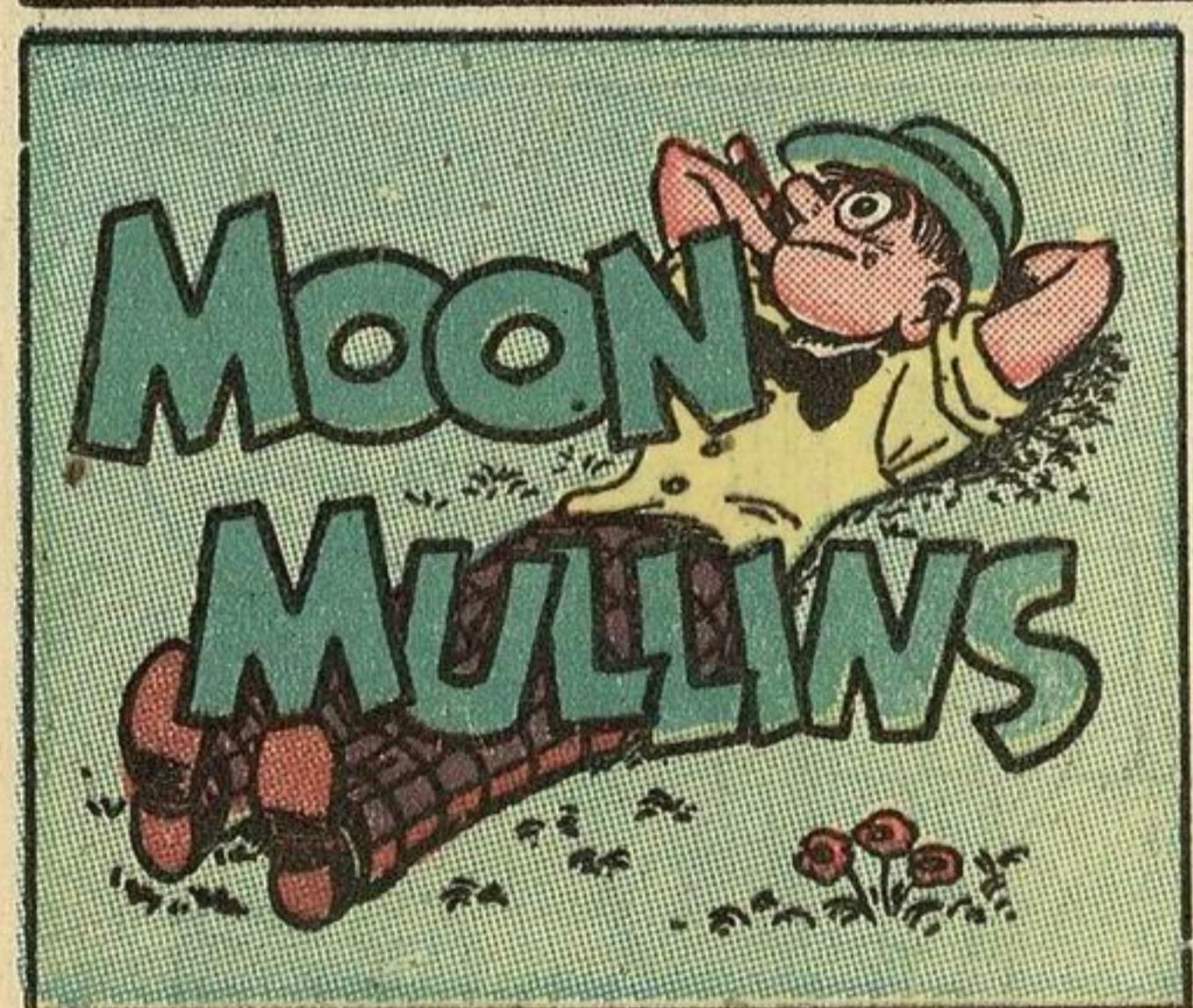
MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



Moon Mullins





MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



Gentleman

WILLIE

"**Y**A clumsy baboon! Ya hooligan! Where's yer manners?" demanded Mamie, knocking her husband's hat off his head. "Hommany times do I hafta tell ya?"

For Willie, this was the last straw. Mamie had been criticizing his manners for months and he was beginning to feel pretty low. So low, in fact did Willie feel, that he cornered Lord Plushbottom that very evening and begged his help.

"Manners? Etiquette, behaviour? Yes indeed, William, you've come to the right teacher," Lord Plushbottom assured him. "In no time at all, I'll make a gentleman of you . . . I think!"

"Tanks," beamed Willie, gratitude in his voice.

All that week, Willie attended his secret class in manners with Lord Plushbottom. He learned to tip his hat when a lady went by, to distinguish between knives, forks and spoons, to turn a pretty compliment and a host of other accomplishments.

"All right, William, you'll do," Lord Plushbottom said to him one evening after an hour's drilling on offering a lady a chair.

"Tanks," beamed Willie as before. He was bursting with assurance and happiness. "Wait'll I show Mamie what manners I got," he thought. "She'll see for herself what a gent I am!"

Just then, Mamie walked through the hallway to the kitchen door. Fired with his new knowledge, Willie sprang up to open the door for her. Seizing the door-knob, he yanked it with such enthusiasm that the door flew open, catching Mamie smack in the eye!

"Kindly accept me apologies, dear," Willie offered as he helped his wife to her feet.

"Beat it!" Mamie advised him tersely.

Willie knew that he hadn't made a good start, but he determined to do better the next day. And, as luck would have it, the next day offered a perfect opportunity. For there was Mamie, alighting from a trolley car . . . and there was Willie, right at the curb

In a trice, he darted towards the trolley steps, holding out an assisting hand. And, in a trice, he stumbled, pulling Mamie off balance, and sending her sprawling to the street.

"Forgive me, dear," he pleaded.

Mamie looked at him with blood in her eyes. "I'm warnin' you, Willie," she snapped briefly.

But Willie wouldn't give up. A few hours later, as he lounged on the front steps of the house, he caught a glimpse of Mamie, lugging a huge laundry basket towards the cellar. "Them little overworked mitts," he thought tenderly. "She oughtna carry such a load."

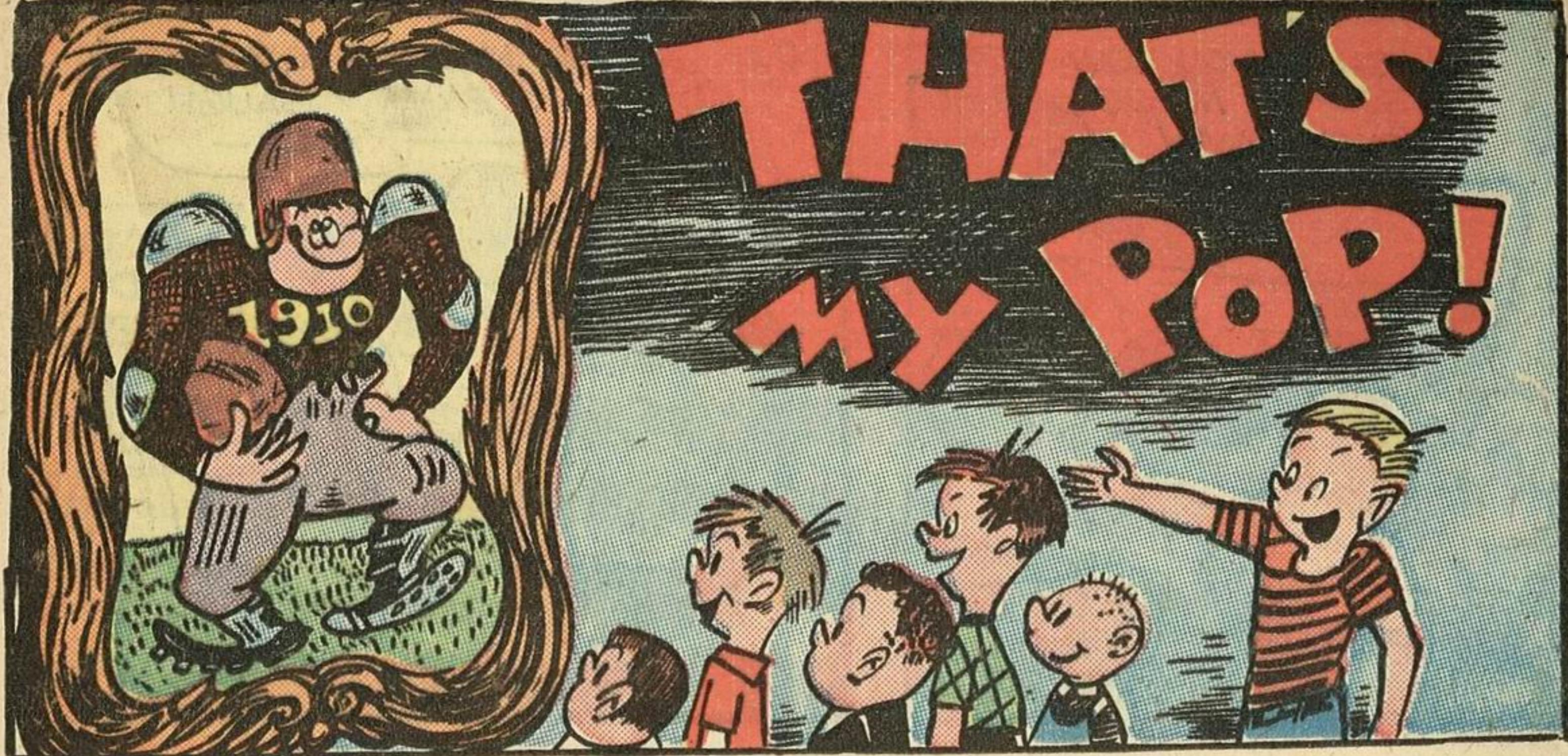
Running after her, with hand outstretched, he called eagerly, "Mamie! Mamie!"

Mamie turned and waited for him to reach her. And when he did . . . *blam!* With no effort at all, she overturned the laundry basket, sending its sopping contents all over Willie's head!

"I've had enough!" she screamed. "It's oney self-protection! You been threatenin' my life long enough, ya hooligan!"

Willie sighed wistfully.

THAT'S MY POP!



I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
I USED TO MAKE
A TOUCHDOWN!

ME AND RED GRANGE
AND SAMMY BAUGH
AND -

DEAD
END

MIGOSH!

POP!

DEAD
END

HELP!
AN
ATOM
BOMB!

POLICE!
IT
CAME
FROM
UP
THERE!

WHOA,
SYLVESTER!



ARE
YOU HURT,
MISTER GINCH?

TAKE IT
EASY,
SIR!

I'M
OKAY!

STEADY,
POP!

THERE'S
A DOCTOR'S OFFICE
OVER THERE!

JUST TO
MAKE SURE,
BOYS!

EASY,
POP!

DOCTOR
PROCTOR

WRENCHED KNEE, MISTER
GINCH -- THAT'LL
BE FOURTEEN
DOLLARS!

THANK YOU, MY GOOD
MAN -- AND SEND A
BILL AROUND SOMETIME
SOON --
GOOD
DAY!

THERE'S A
GAYLORD GINCH
ON ASHLAND
AVENUE,
DOCTOR!

THAT'S HIM -- HELLO!
SEND A SPECIAL
MESSENGER --
QUICK!

SPECIAL
MESSAGE
FOR GAYLORD
GINCH!

MUST
BE A
SUMMONS!

A BILL!!! - A
DOCTOR'S BILL!!!
FOR FOURTEEN
DOLLARS!!

I CAN'T IMAGINE
WHAT HAPPENED
TO GAYLORD,
MOTHER!

PROBABLY GOT BEAT
UP IN A FIGHT--BAH!
HE KNOWS I'LL HAVE
TO PAY!

BUT I WON'T!
- AND THIS IS
THE LAST STRAW!

I MEAN IT THIS TIME!
OUT HE GOES!!
THAT GOOD-FOR-
NOTHING HUSBAND
OF YOURS!

HEY, MOM- GRANDMA--
THAT BILL WAS FOR ME!
I WRENCHED MY
KNEE PLAYING
FOOTBALL THE
OTHER DAY!

OH,
JUNIOR!

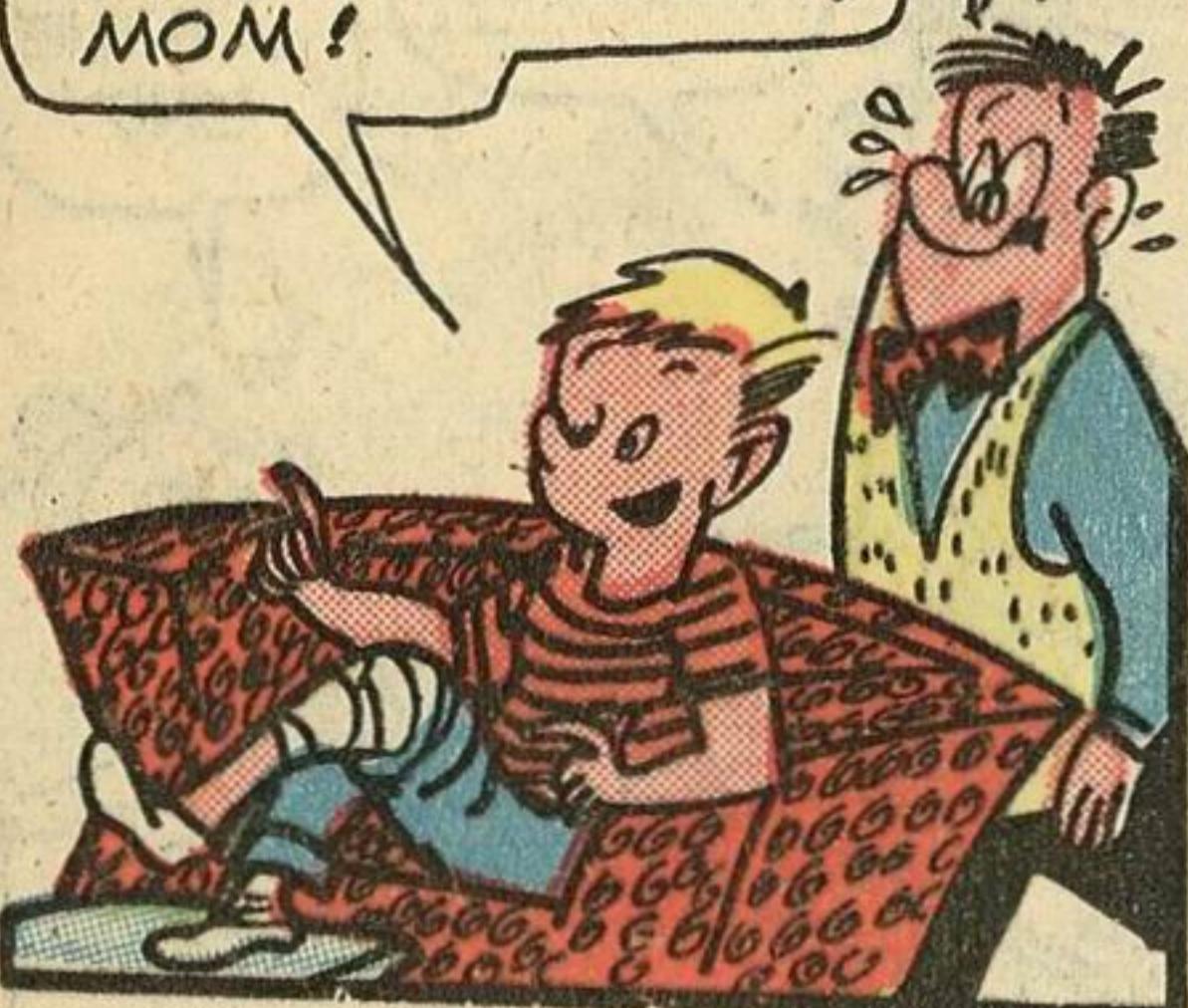
-- IT'S ALL BETTER
NOW! POP TOOK ME TO
THE DOCTOR'S - THAT'S
WHAT THE BILL
WAS FOR!

??
MY BOY!

BUT I'VE GOT FOURTEEN DOLLARS! SAVED IT UP WORKING LAST SUMMER! I'LL PAY THE BILL, MOM!

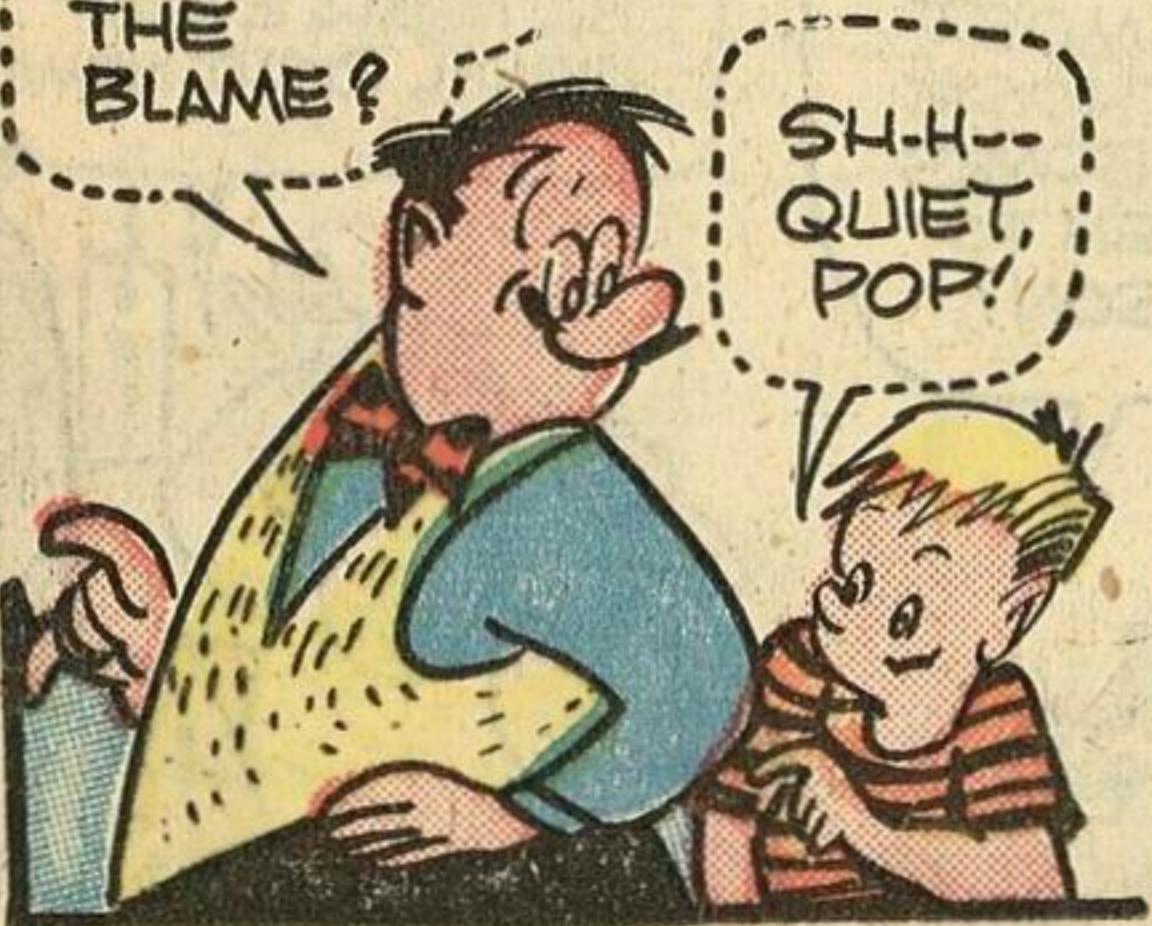
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, YOUNG MAN!

I'LL TALK TO THAT DOCTOR!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, SON-TAKING THE BLAME?

SH-H-QUIET POP!



WELL, GO ON--
TALK TO THE DOCTOR!

YES--
GO,
GAYLORD!

MAYBE THAT OILY LINE OF YOURS WILL DO SOME GOOD!

LEAVE IT TO ME, LITTLE MOTHER!



NOW SEE HERE, DOCTOR PROCTOR--ABOUT THAT FOURTEEN DOLLARS!

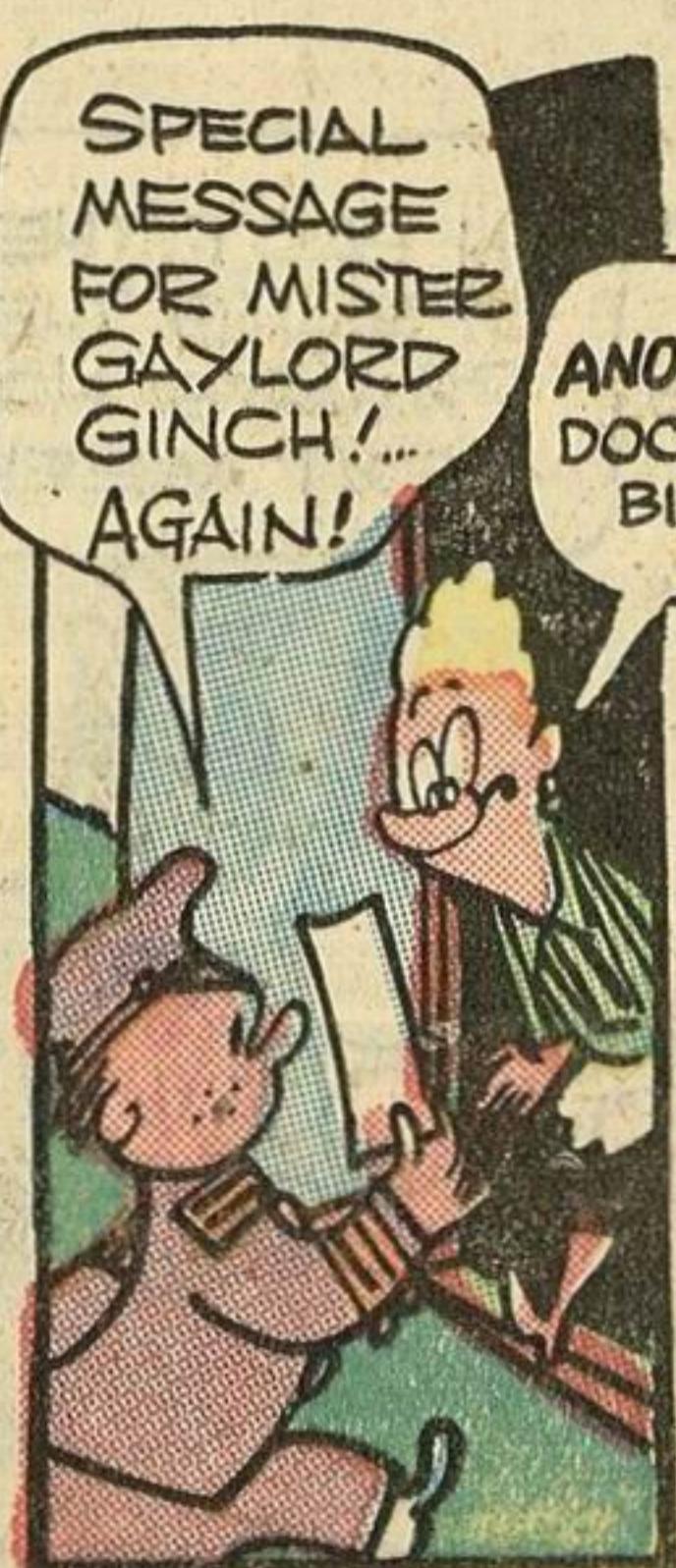
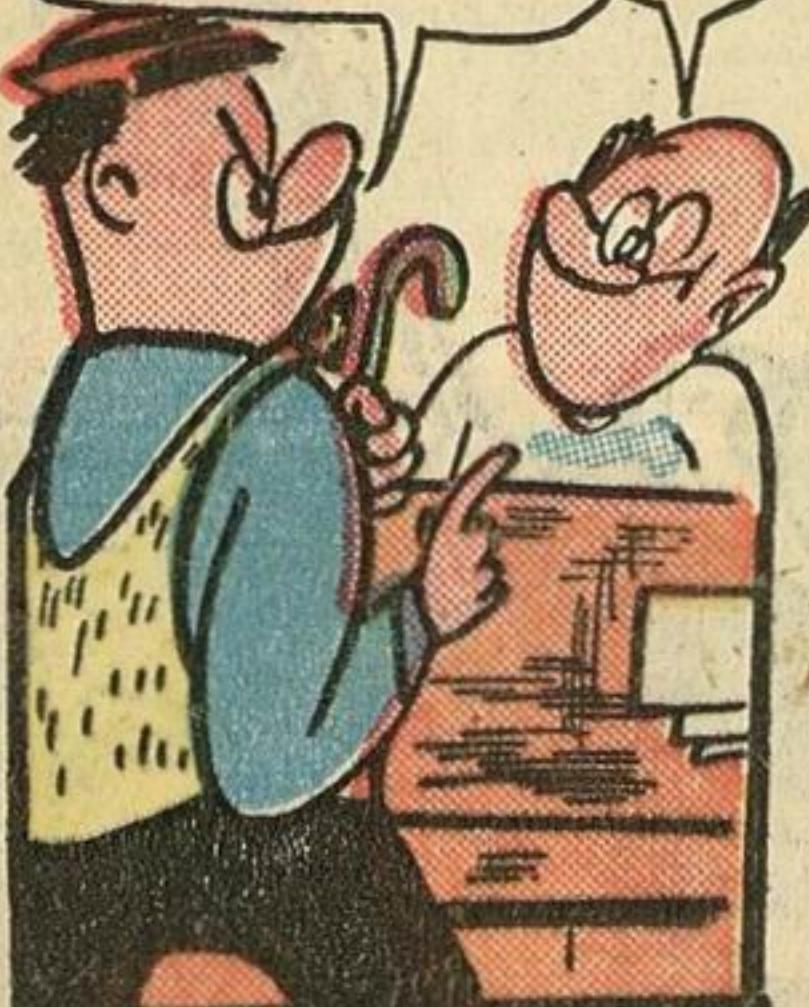
YES?

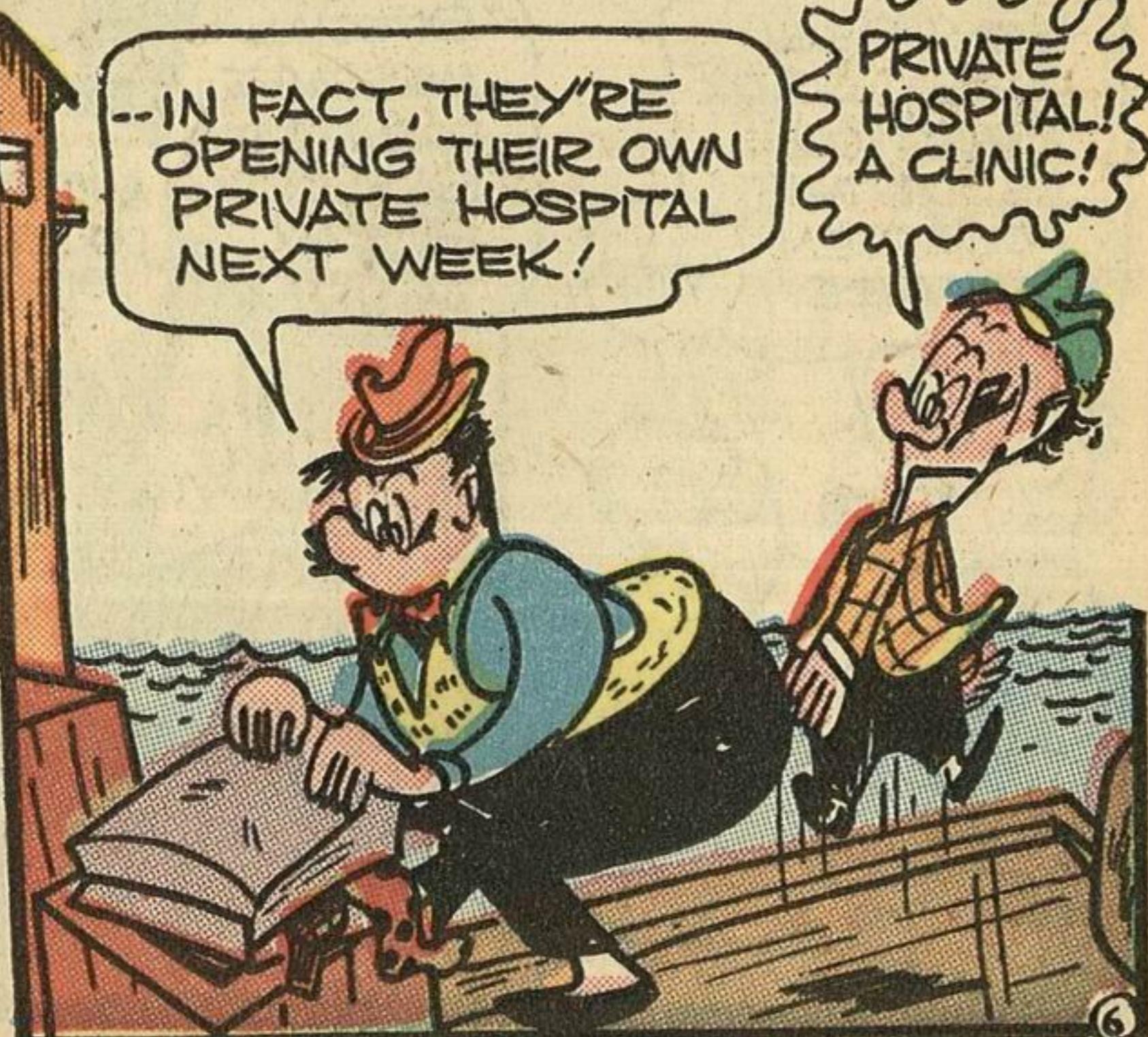
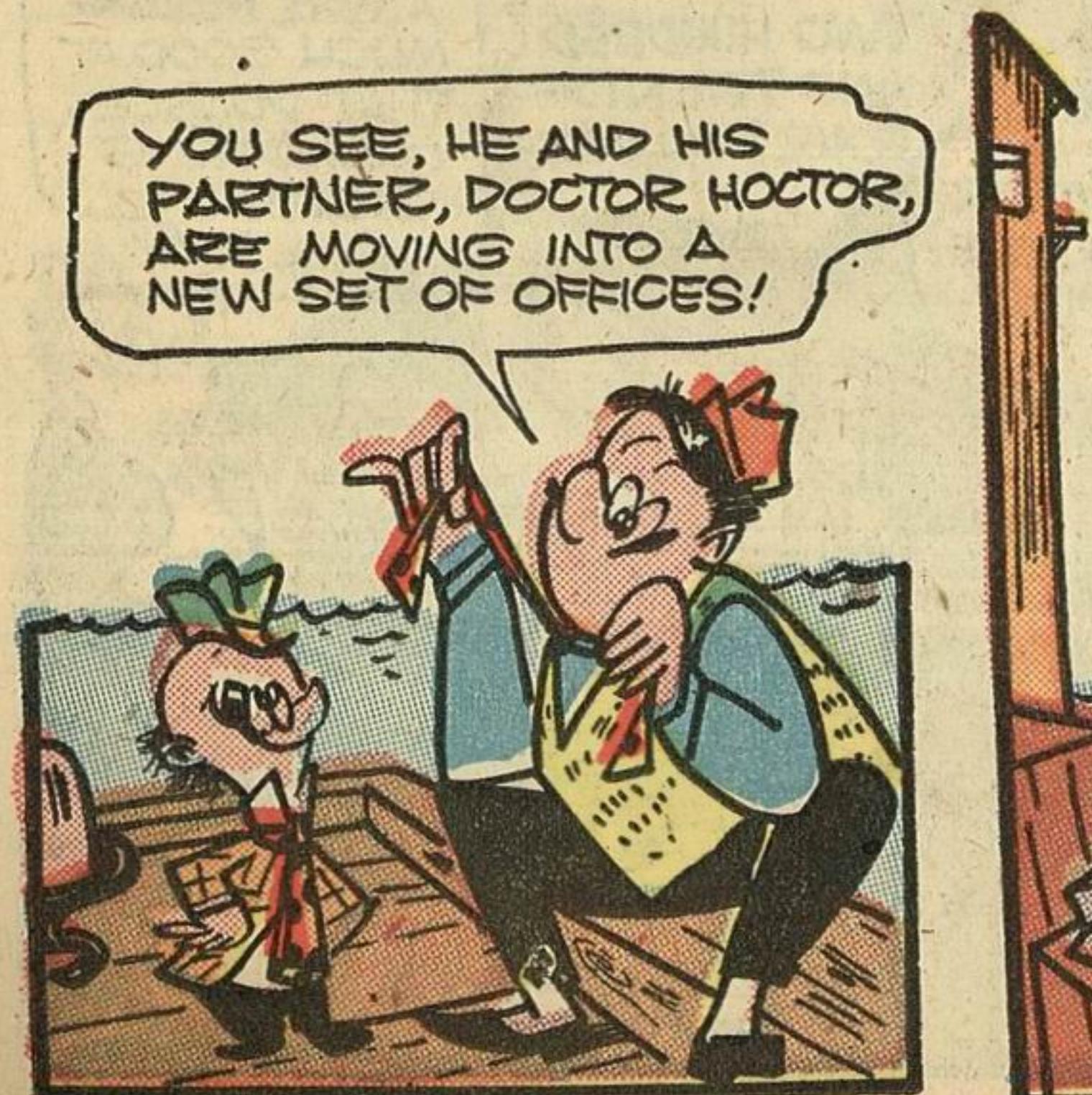
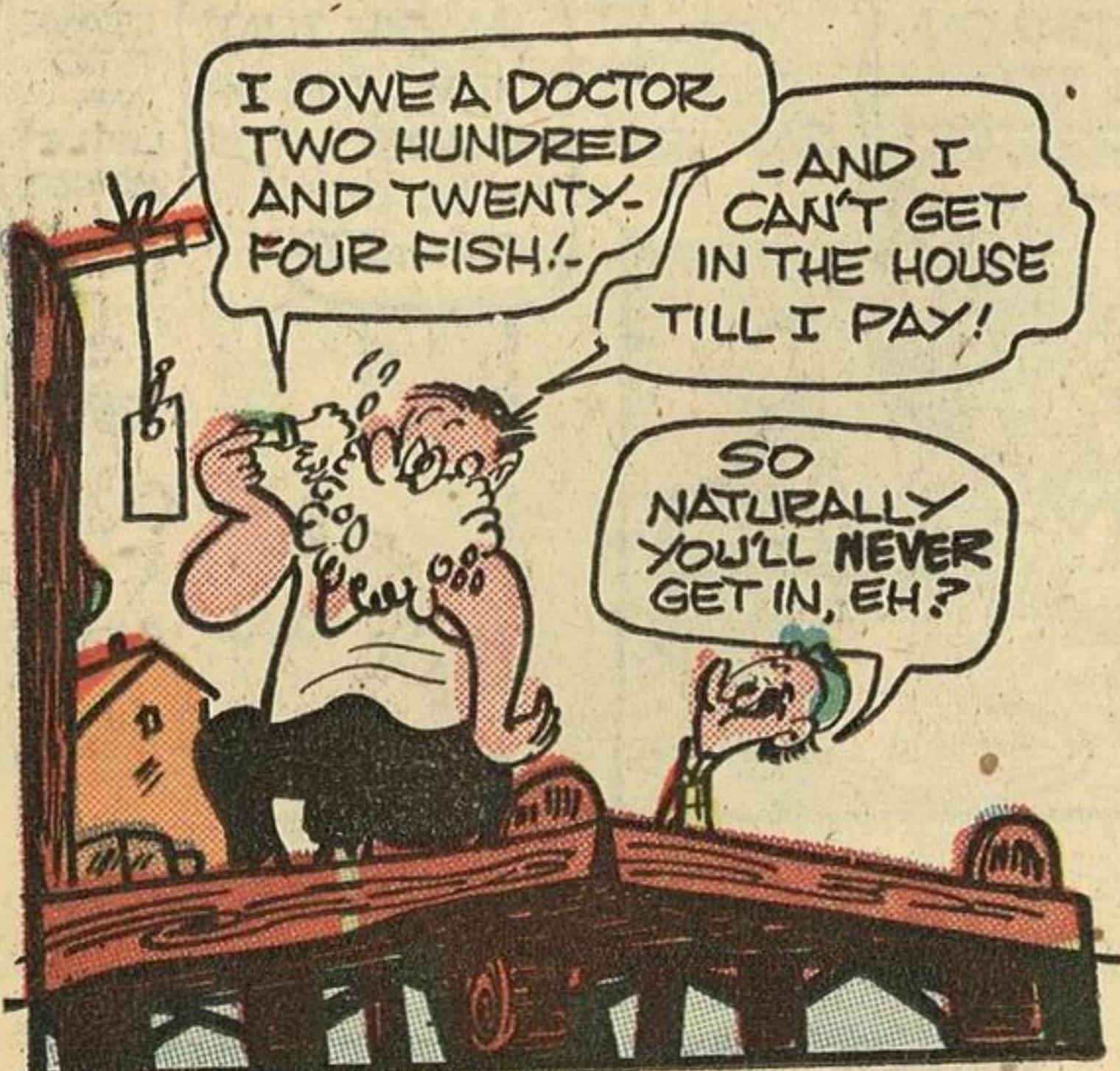
SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR MISTER GAYLORD GINCH!... AGAIN!

ANOTHER DOCTOR'S BILL?

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS!

I WAS NEVER MUCH GOOD AT THAT DOUBLE-OR-NOTHING STUFF!





YOUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER, POP!

JUST
HOW?

THEY NEED US!
I'M THE GREATEST
PRESS-AGENT IN
THE WORLD--
I'LL PUT THEIR
HOSPITAL OVER
WITH A BANG!

YOU AND ME AS
PARTNERS- COME!
WE'LL CALL THESE
MEDICS FROM MY
OFFICES!

HELLO- DOCTOR PROCTOR AND
DOCTOR HOCTOR? GOOD! WE'D
LIKE TO SEE YOU REGARDING
PUBLICITY FOR YOUR NEW
PRIVATE HOSPITAL!
GOOD!

WE'LL BE
RIGHT OVER!

D. PEARSON
ANYTHING

HEY, MOM!
HERE COMES
POP HOME!

OH, NO HE DOESN'T!

MONEY!!!

OODLES, LITTLE MOTHER,
OODLES--PUT AWAY YOUR
WEAPON AND I
SHALL ENTER!

THEY NOT ONLY WROTE OFF
THE TWO HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS,
BUT THEY ENGAGED
US AS PUBLICITY
MEN!

IT'S JUST MARVELOUS,
DEAR-I ALWAYS KNEW
YOU HAD GREAT
IDEAS!

ALL GOOD
AND WELL, MY
HEARTIES--
BUT--

GOSH,
POP,
YOU'RE
A WHIZ!

--WILL SOMEONE TELL ME
JUST HOW TWO CHARACTERS
LIKE YOU AND THAT
PEARSON PERSON
ARE GOING TO PUT
A HOSPITAL ACROSS?

PEARSON'S A GENIUS--
A MASTER MIND--
THE GREATEST BALLY-HOO
ARTIST IN THE WORLD!
HE CAN PUT ANY
BUSINESS
OVER!

HE USED
TO BE
BALLY-HOO
MAN FOR
A CARNIVAL,
DIDN'T HE,
POP?

CARNIVAL-HUH!
THAT'S NOTHING- HE
HANDLED GILLY'S WORLD
FAMOUS TRAINED CATS
AND RATS! HE MANAGED...

--THREE-HEADED HARRY!
HE GOT THE GANGSTER'S
GRANDMOTHER FORTY
WEEKS ON THE
AIR!

AH, BUT MY
BIG SUCCESSES
WERE LEGITIMATE
BUSINESSES!
LOOK! HERE'S
SOME PHOTOS!

SHIMKY'S HULA PARADISE



Hats for Horses only By Dobby



Down down.

BILL &
PHIL

EST.
1910

CUSTER'S LAST STAND



--AND FOR THAT HOSPITAL
OPENING TONIGHT, I'VE
GOT THE GREATEST
STUNTEVER PULLED!
I'LL PACK 'EM IN!
SURE FIRE!
NEVER MISSES!

CAN'T MISS. BIG SURPRISE--
EVEN THE DOCTORS WONT
KNOW WHAT IT IS TILL THEY--
WAIT! READ THIS AD--
LOOK!

"DOCTORS PROCTOR
AND HOCTOR PROUDLY
ANNOUNCE THE OPENING
OF THEIR NEW PRIVATE
HOSPITAL AND CLINIC
TONIGHT--"

"AT 2808
BACKACHE
BOULEVARD..
AND AS AN
ADDED
ATTRACTION--"

"ON THE OPENING NIGHT
ONLY.. **EVERYTHING**
IS ON THE
HOUSE!!"

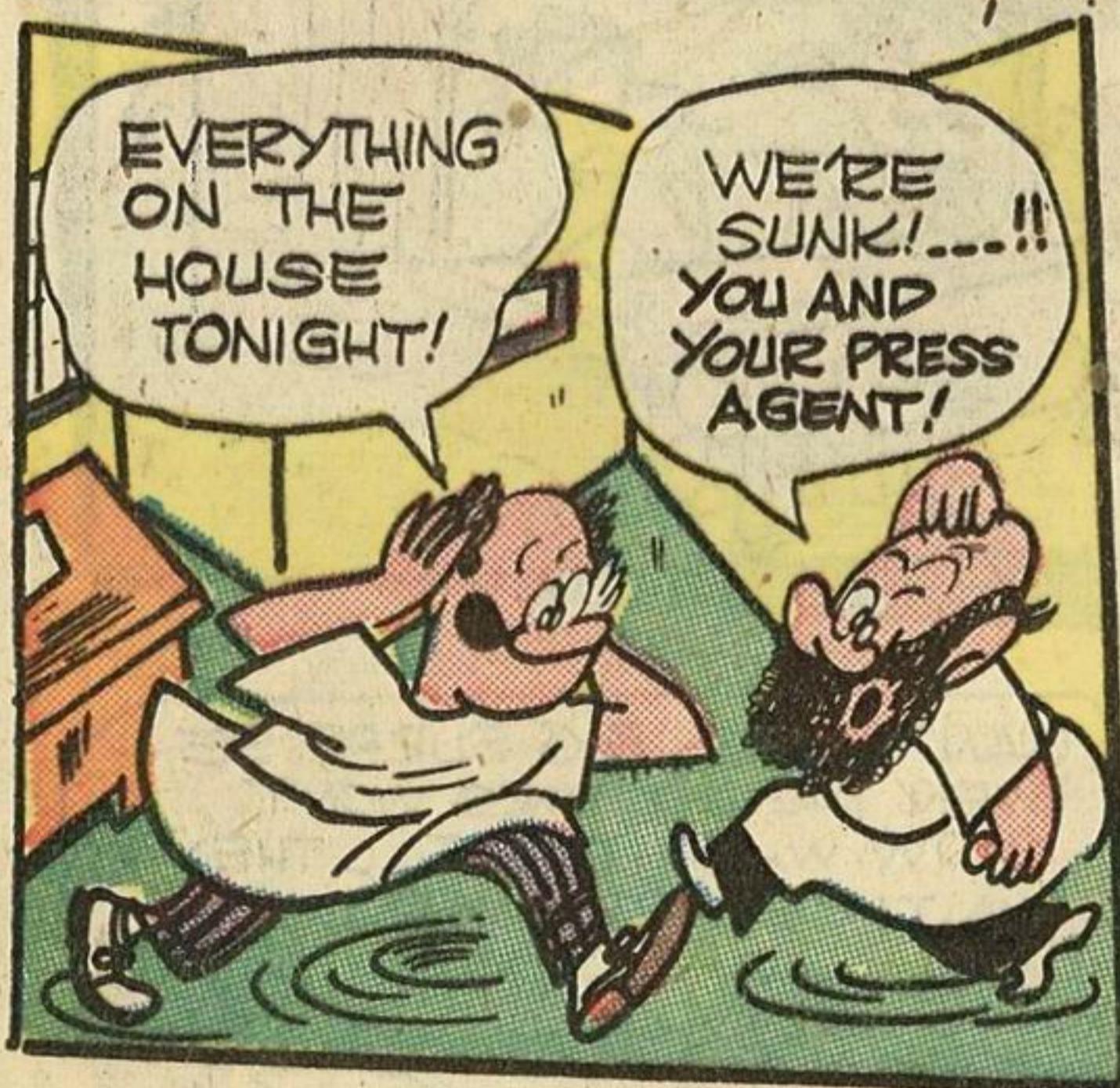
MY
GOSH!

PEARSON, YOU'RE
A GENIUS!!
WE'RE
IN!

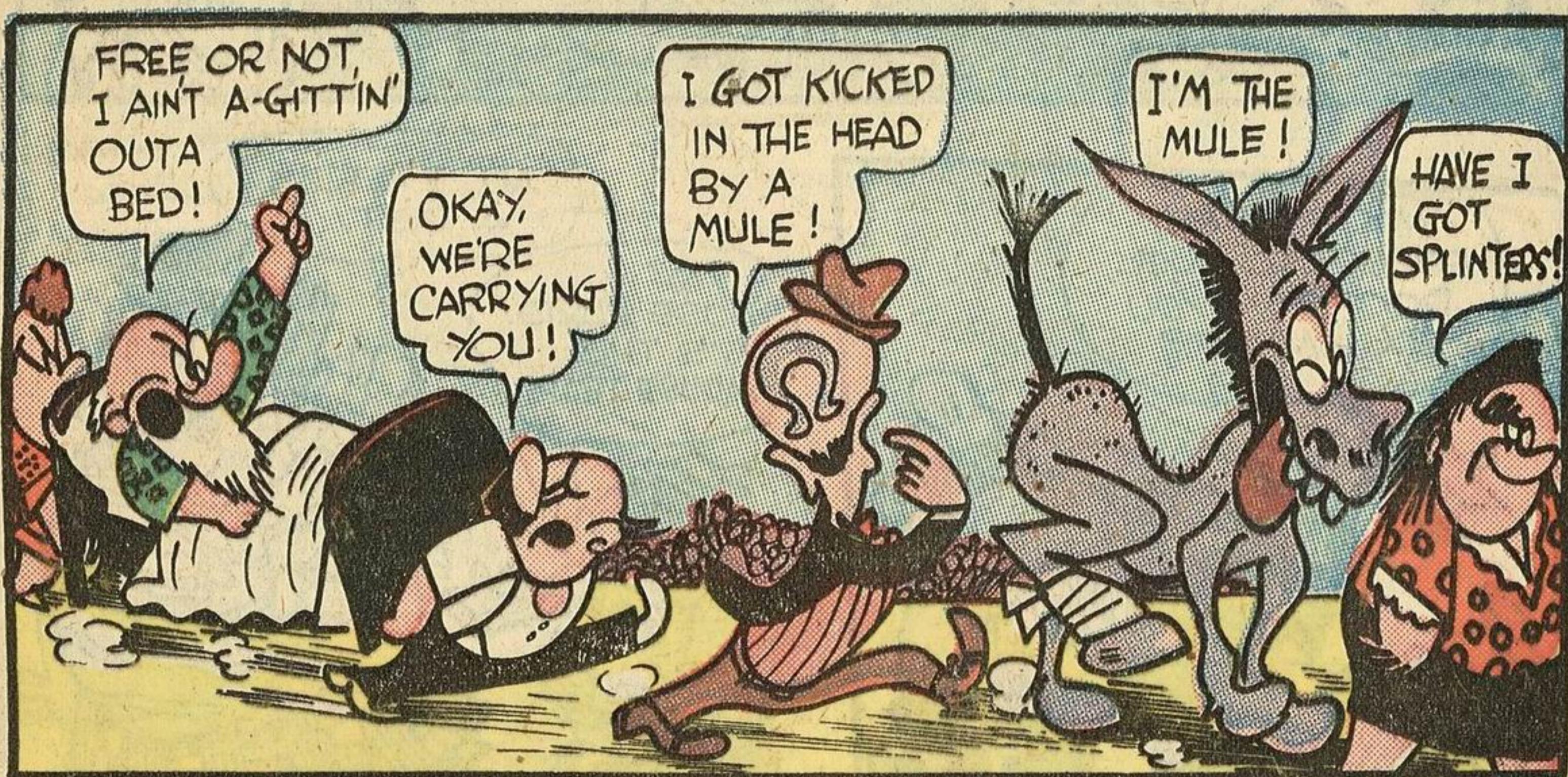
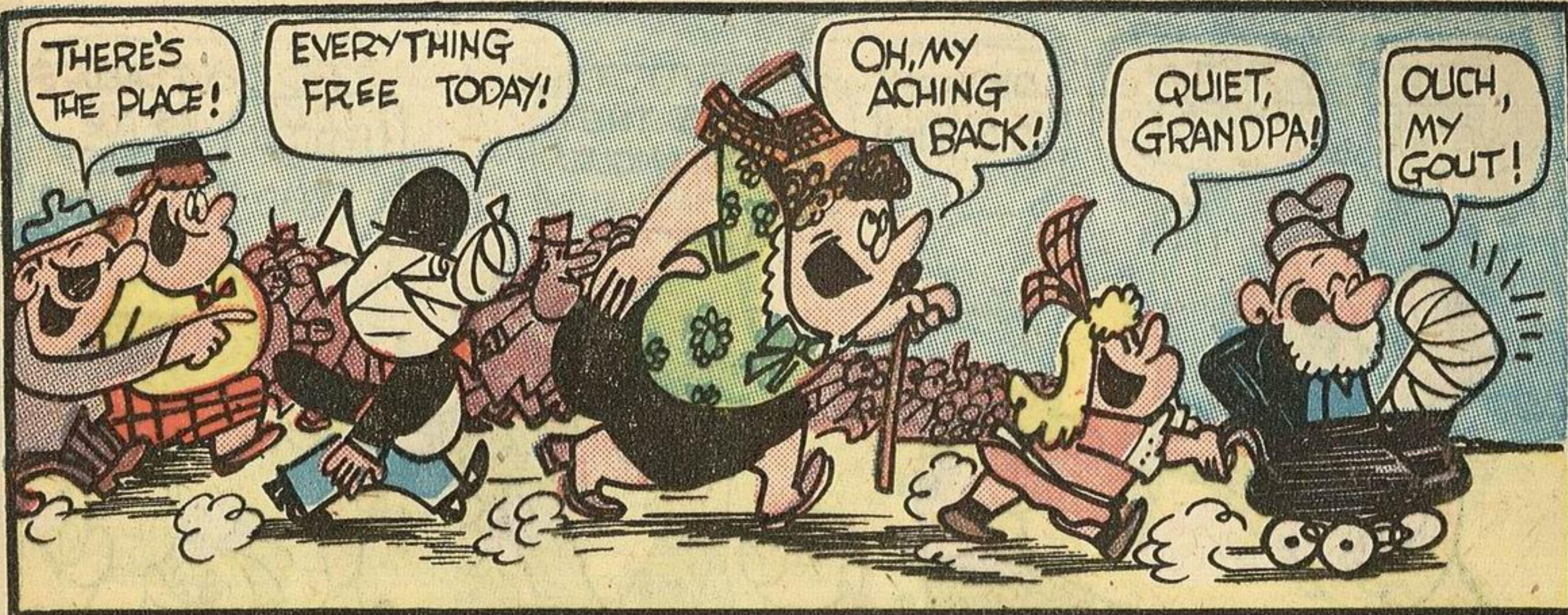
GAYLORD,
ARE YOU SURE
THIS WILL BE
ALL RIGHT?

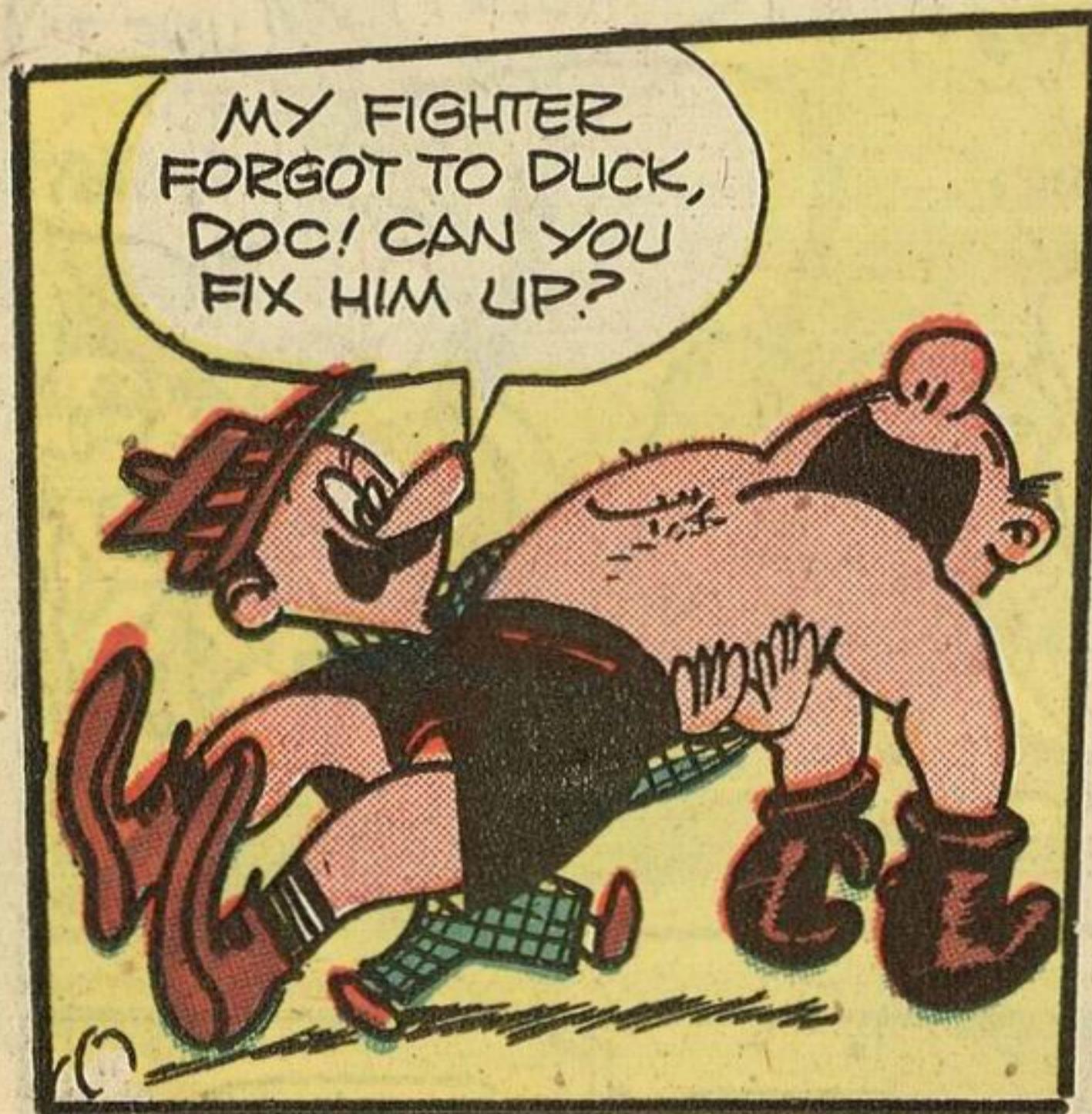
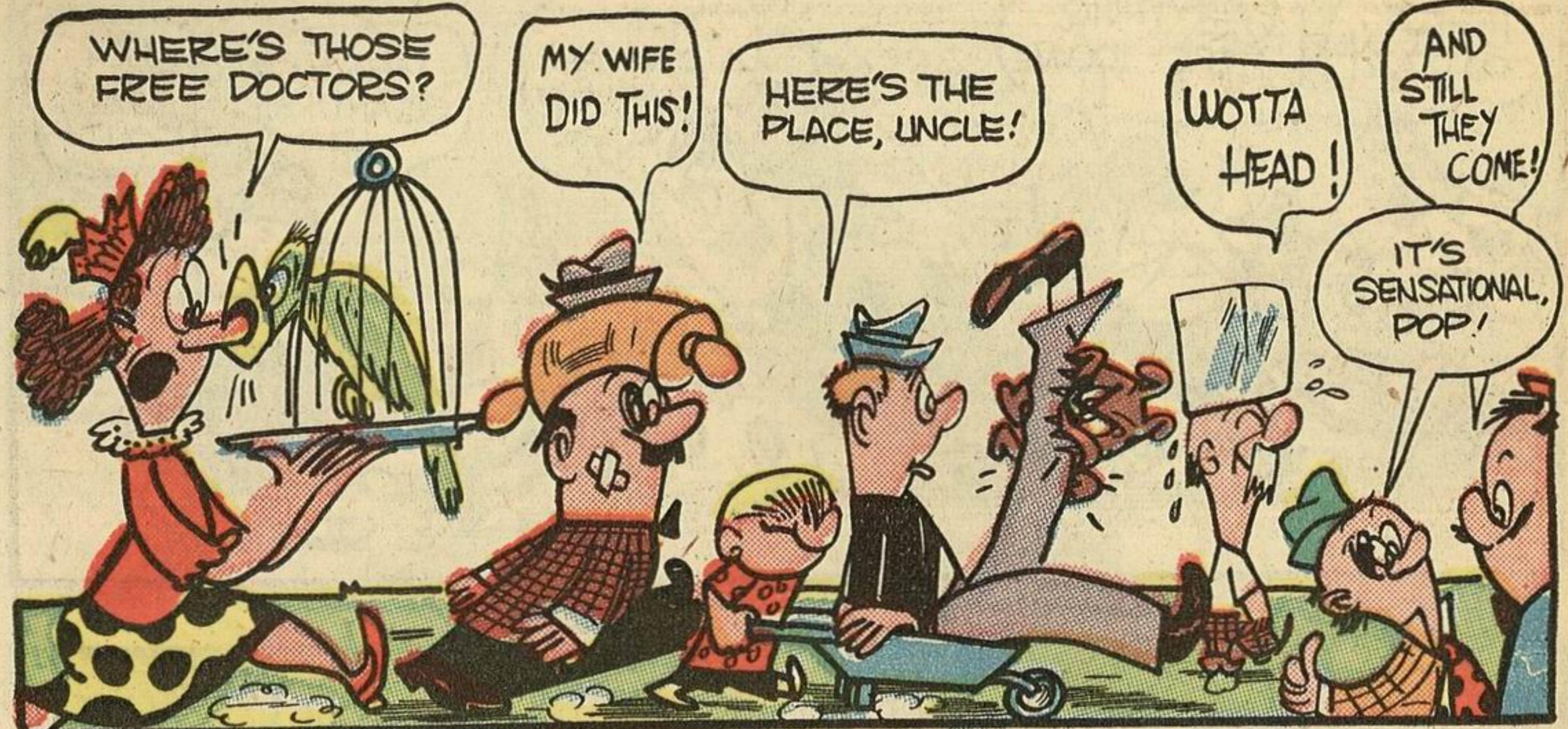
HOW'S YOUR
LUMBAGO,
MRS. APPLEBY?
HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE..ON
THE HOUSE!
COME WITH
US!

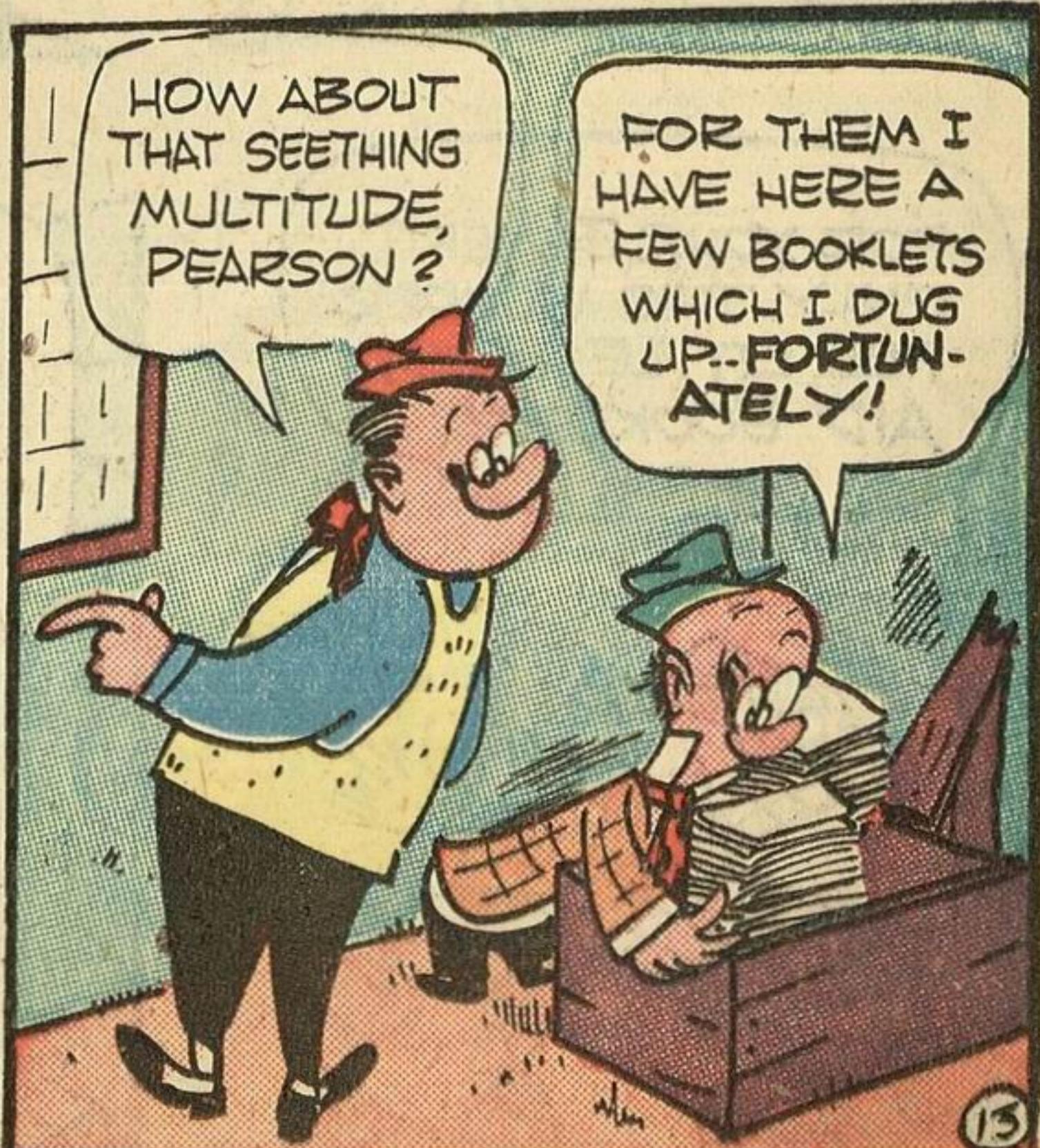
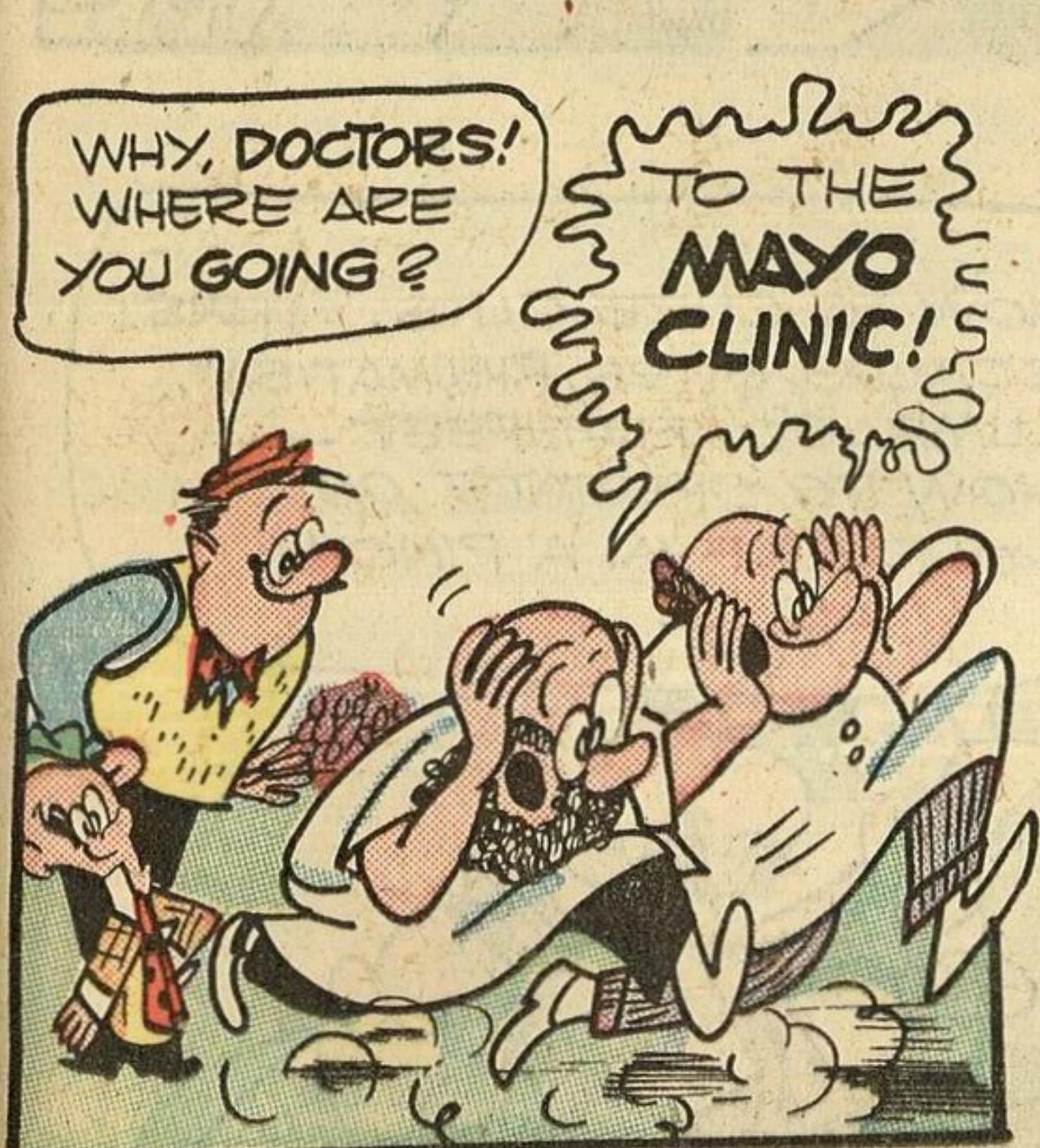
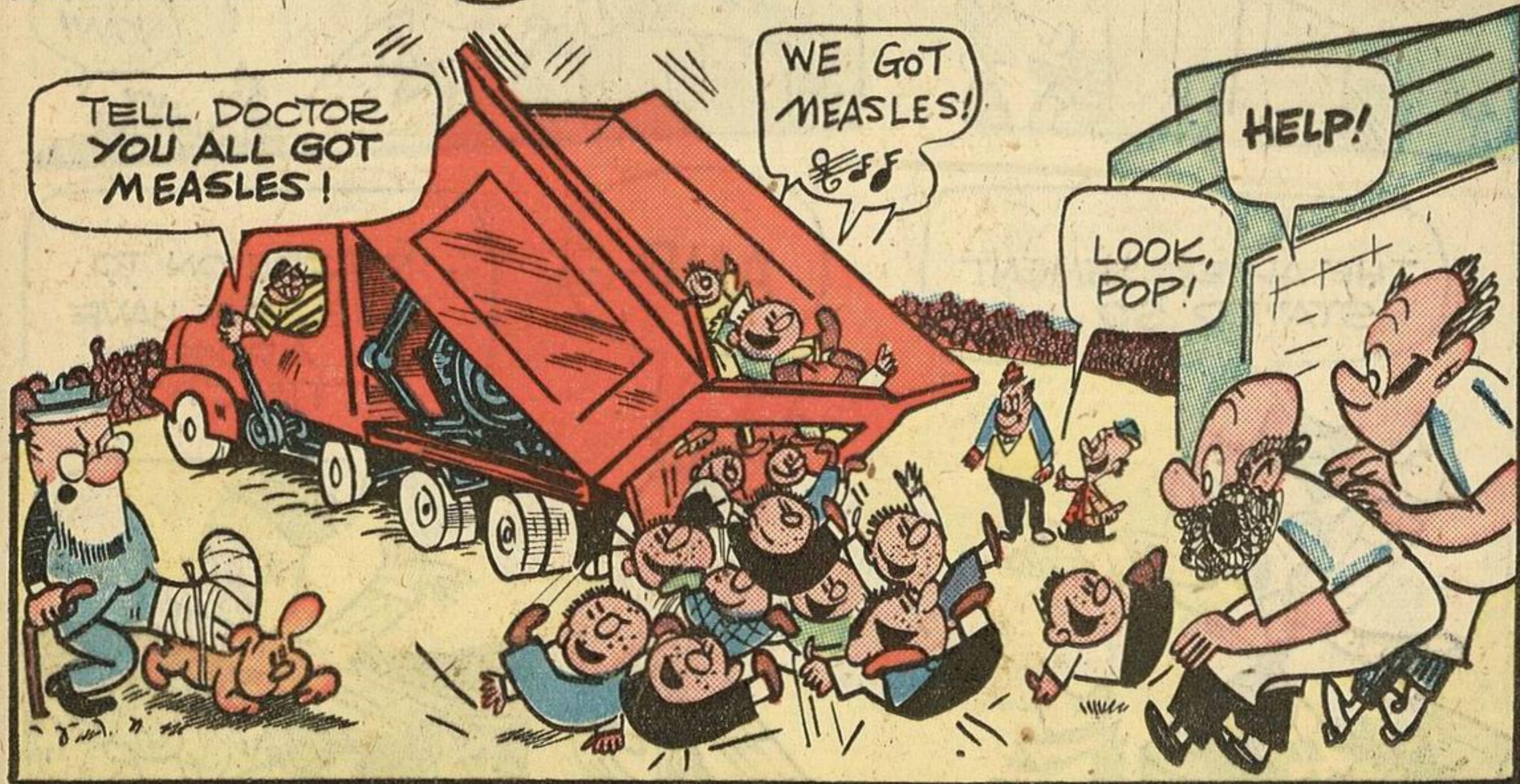
GO YOURSELVES!
I'D HATE TO
SEE WHAT THOSE
TWO DOCTORS
ARE DOING
NOW!



THIS IS
THE PLACE!
COME ON,
FOLKS!







LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

TONIGHT AT THE HOCOTOR AND PROCTOR HOSPITAL CLINIC, EVERYTHING IS ON THE HOUSE --- AS YOU SEE!

FREE!

YEA! WOW!
YOW!

THE ADVERTISEMENT STATED SO ---

AND--

-- IN ADDITION TO THIS, WE HAVE AN ADDED ATTRACTION!

FOR YOUR BENEFIT ONLY..THIS WONDERFUL LITTLE FIRST AID BOOKLET!

HOW TO CURE CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, BITES, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, FLAT FEET --- HOW TO OPERATE ON YOURSELF IN A PINCH!

ALL -

- ABSOLUTELY FREE!!
- BUT FOR THE SMALL
SUM OF FIVE CENTS--
A NICKEL - A HALF-A-
DIME, FOLKS -- JUST
TO COVER THE COST
OF PRINTING!

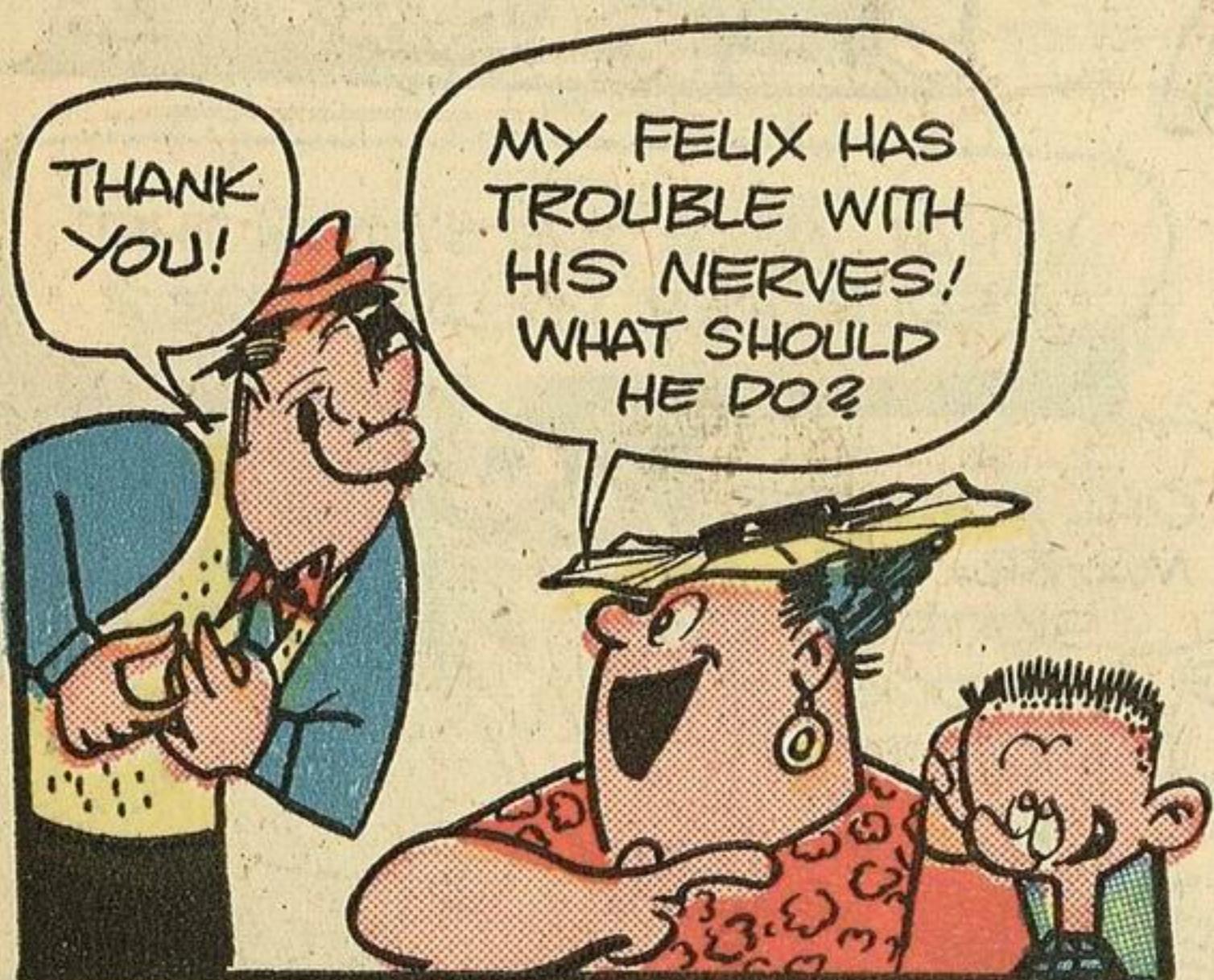
MY ASSISTANT, MISTER GAYLORD
GINCH, WILL PASS THEM
OUT AMONG
YOU!

YOU, SIR - THE
FIRST -- THANK
YOU, SIR! AND
YOU, MA'M --



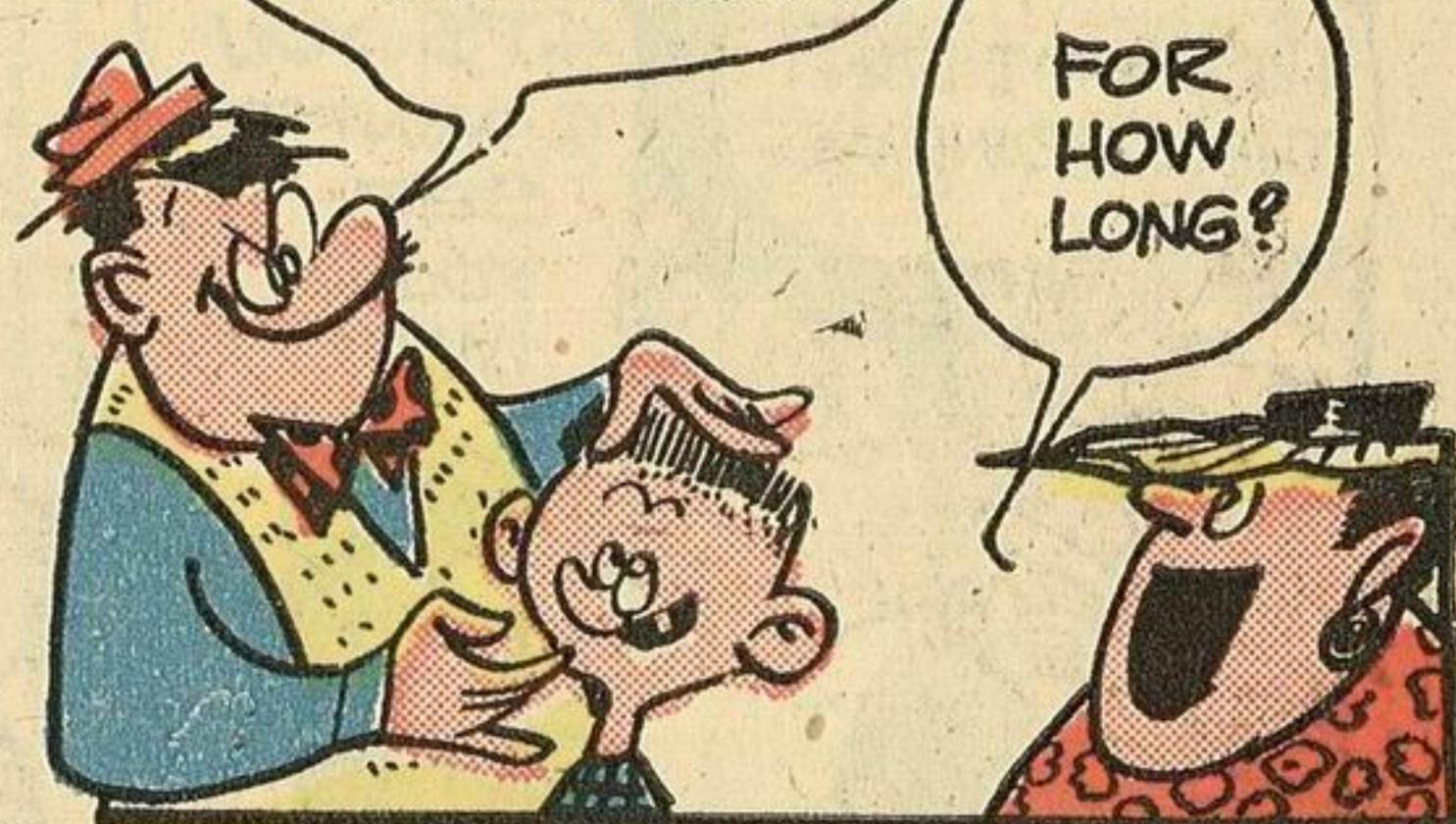
THANK
YOU!

MY FELIX HAS
TROUBLE WITH
HIS NERVES!
WHAT SHOULD
HE DO?



TELL HIM TO
LIE IN THE TUB
EVERY DAY!

FOR
HOW
LONG?



TWENTY YEARS!
NEXT-

THANK YOU, SIR--
AND THAT IS ALL!
GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS!

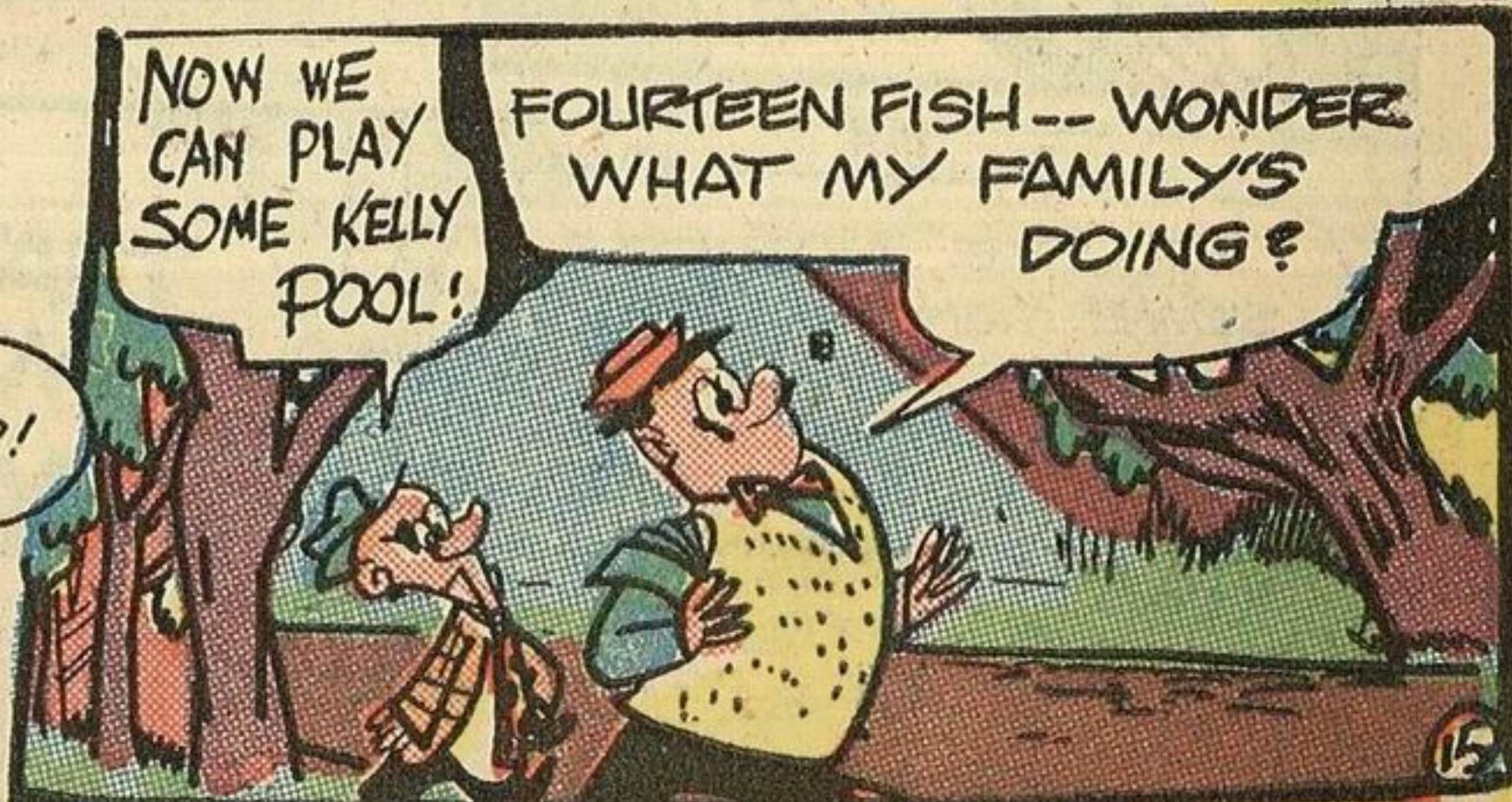


FOURTEEN DOLLARS
FOR YOU, POP, AND
FOURTEEN FOR ME!

GOOD!

NOW WE
CAN PLAY
SOME KELLY
POOL!

FOURTEEN FISH -- WONDER
WHAT MY FAMILY'S
DOING?



I EXPECT
GAYLORD
VERY SOON
NOW, MOTHER!

FRANKLY, I EXPECT
THE POLICE' PRESS
AGENT FOR A
CLINIC- EVERYTHING
ON THE HOUSE--
BAH!

OH,
GAYLORD
IS
TRYING
HIS
BEST,
MOTHER!

THAT'S NO
EXCUSE! HE'S GOT
REAL ABILITY- HE'S
A FATHER - HE
SHOULD BE FIRM-
STR-

OOPS!
HERE
COMES
POP!

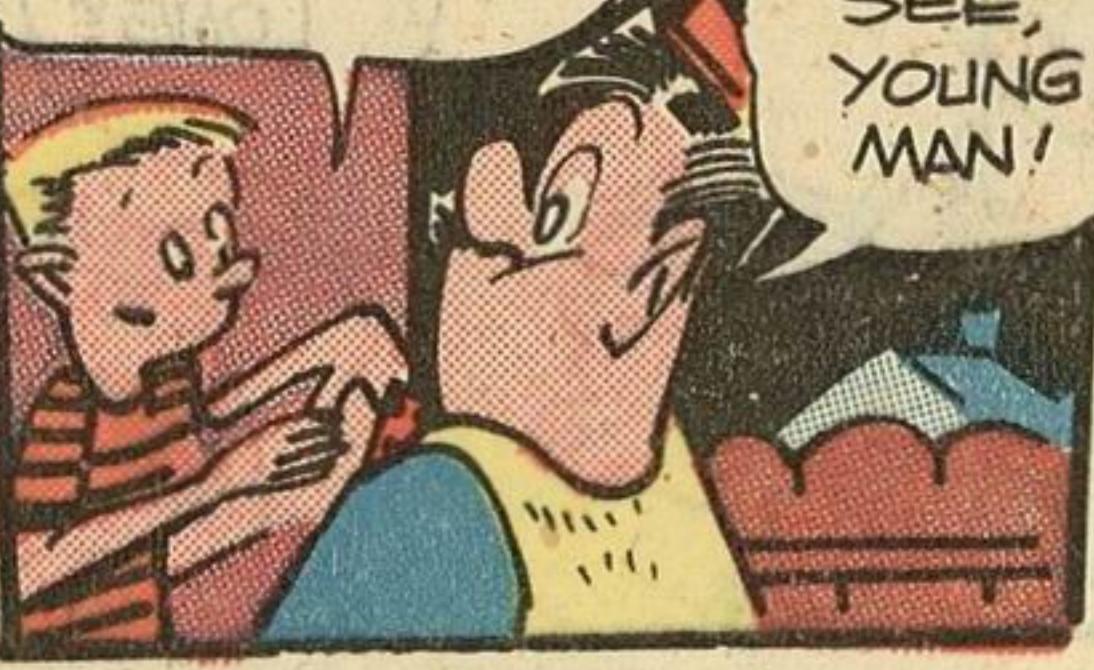


HEY, POP, I DON'T
THINK GRANDMA-

IT'S YOU
I WANT TO
SEE,
YOUNG
MAN!

WHAT WERE YOU SAVING THAT
FOURTEEN DOLLARS FOR?

OH.. A SWEATER,
MAYBE- ICE
SKATES-
A HOCKEY
OUTFIT...



WELL, I WAS NEVER MUCH
AT THAT DOUBLE-OR-
NOTHING STUFF--
HERE'S FOURTEEN
MORE!

OH NO
POP
I COULDN'T
TAKE
THIS!

ARE YOU DEFYING YOUR
FATHER'S ORDERS? THE
TROUBLE IS I'M NOT FIRM-
NOT STRICT -- NOW HERE!



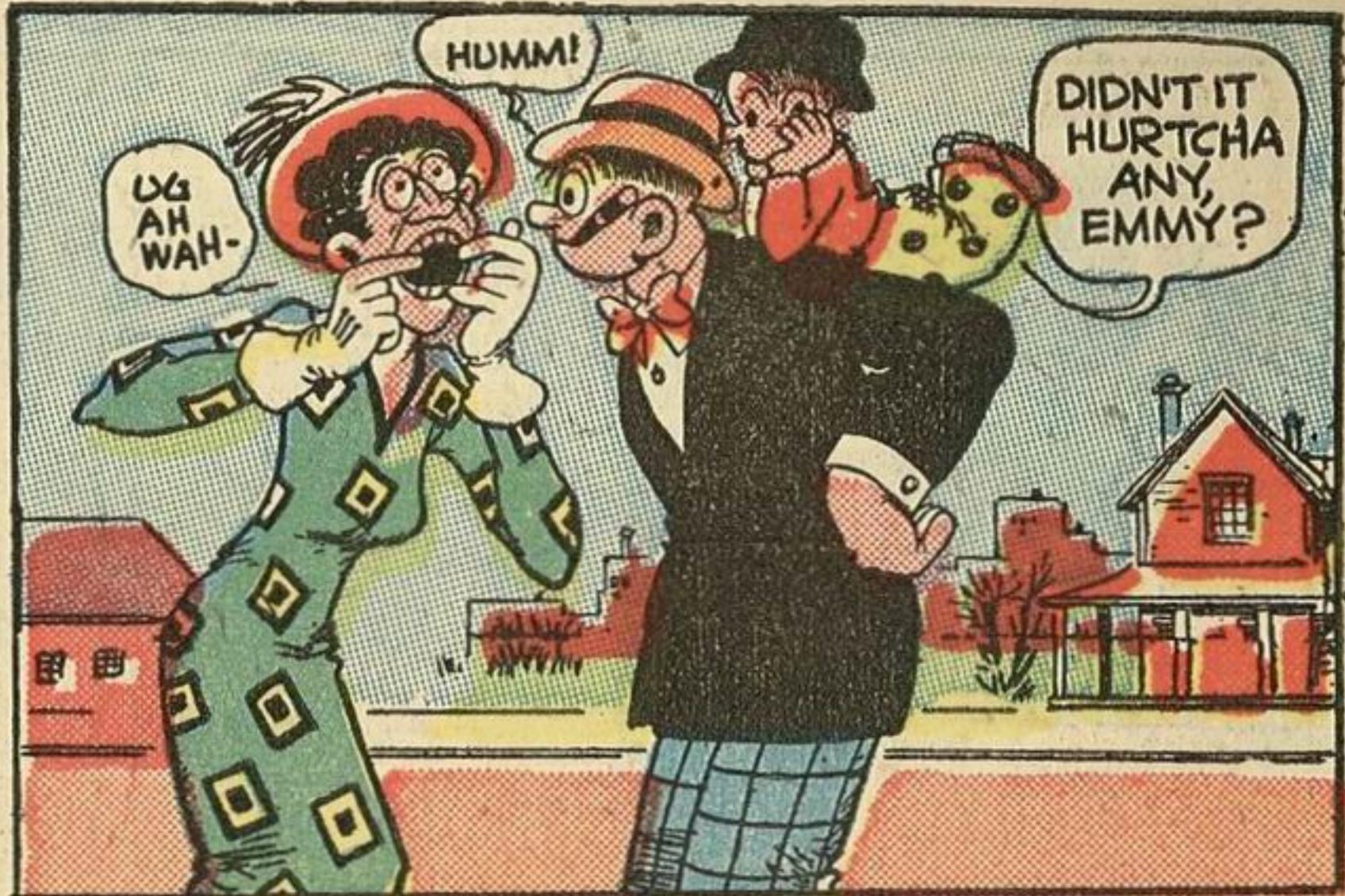
YOU SEE, MOTHER?
SOME MEN ARE JUST
EASY-GOING-WELL-
MEANING! THEY
STICK BY THEIR
RATHER WORTHLESS
FRIENDS - BUT.

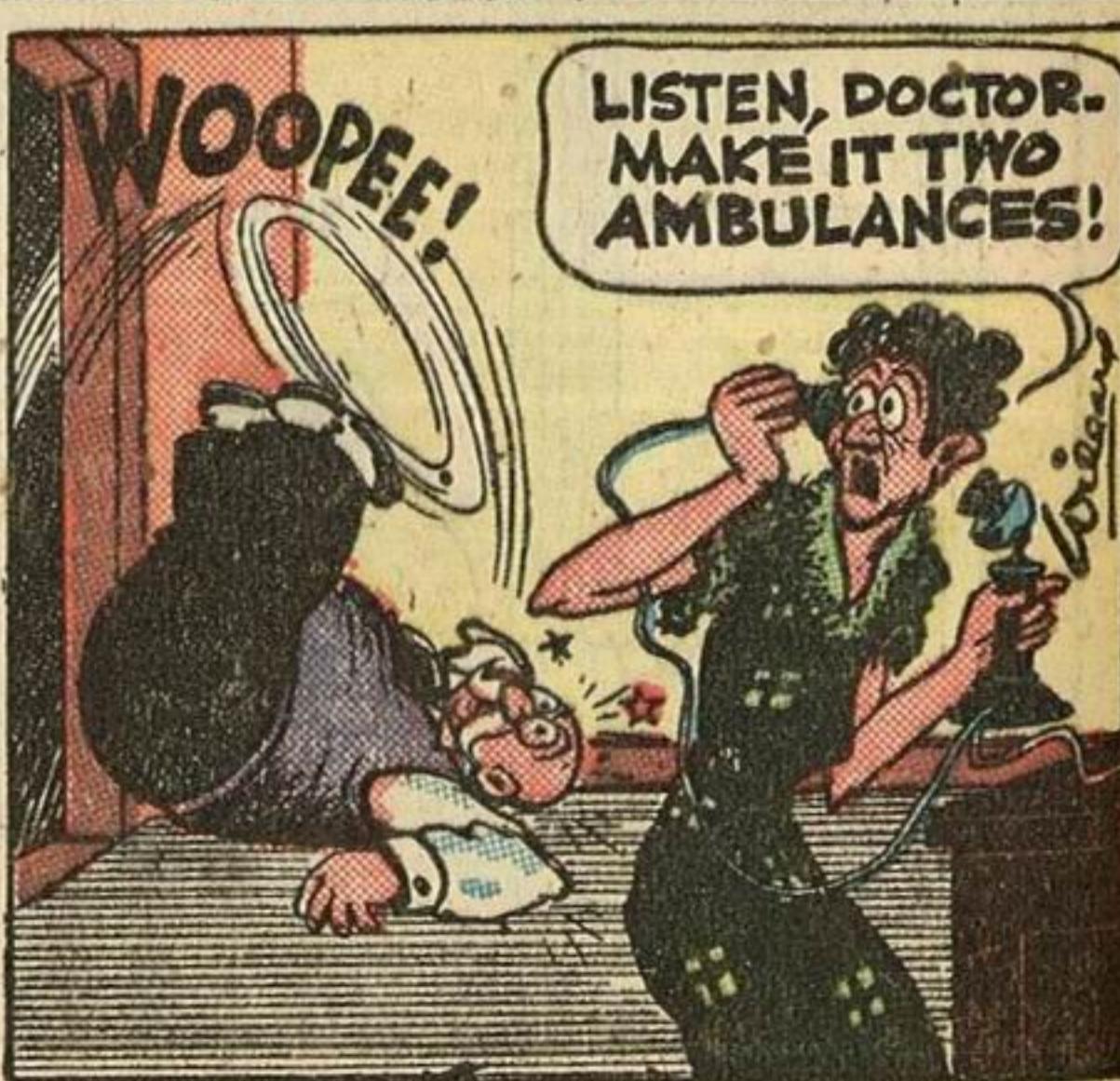
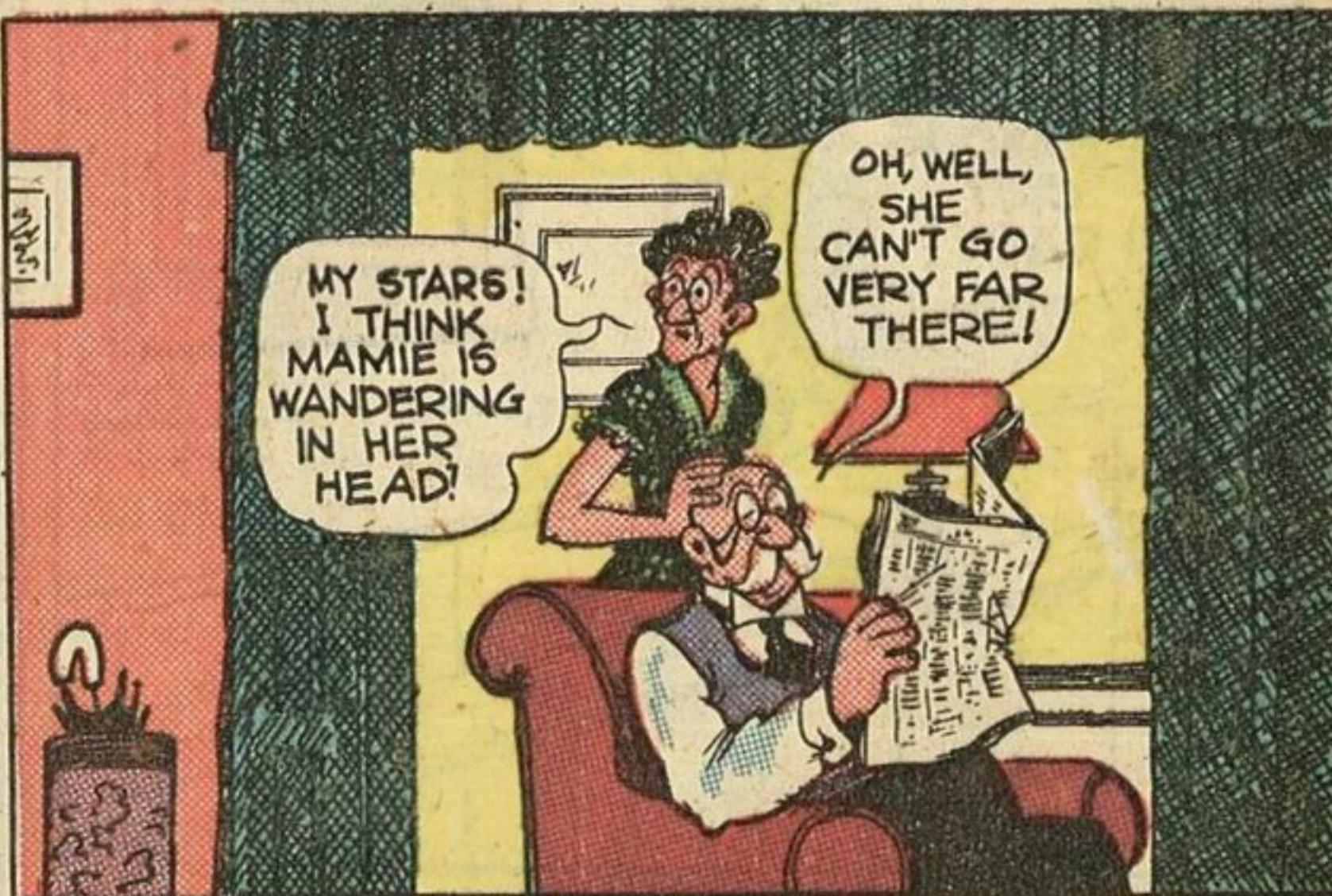
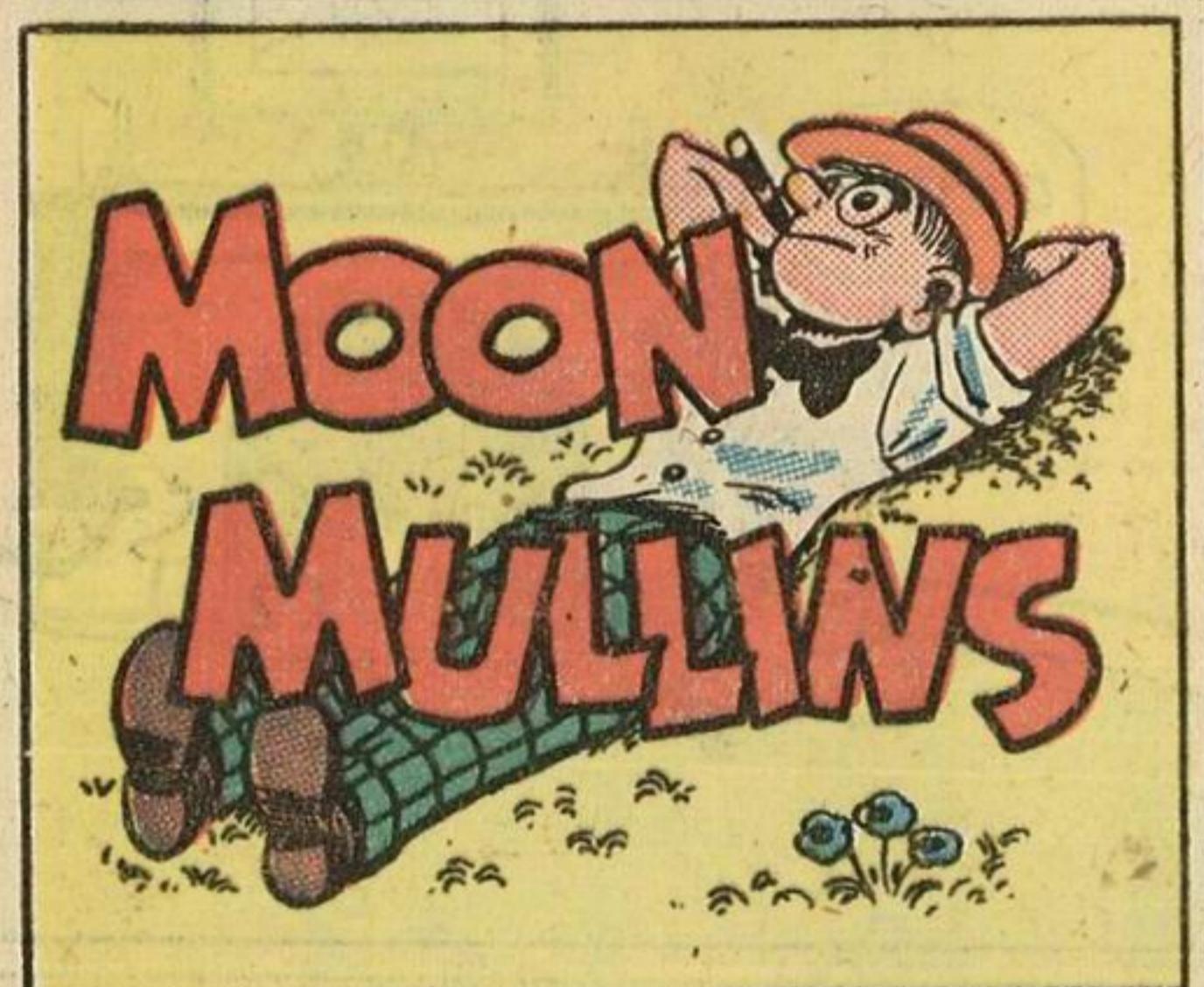
THAT'S
MY
POP!

AND FOR YOU, MY DEARS.
PEANUT BRITTLE! I KNOW
YOU BOTH LIKE PEANUT BRITTLE!



MOON MULLINS





Moon Mullins

OH THAT WOMAN! SHE TOLD ME TO MEET HER HERE AT SEVEN SHARP AND I SHOW UP AT EXACTLY EIGHT AND SHE AIN'T HERE, YET!

FRANKLY, I THINK THE POOR GIRL'S LOSING HER MEMORY, MOON!

BORROW SOME DOUGH FROM HER AND YOU'LL FIND OUT FOR SURE ABOUT THAT.

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! DID YOU SEE THAT?

I AIN'T BLIND!

THE ANSWER TO MAMIE'S JEALOUS DISPOSITION.... MY FATAL FASCINATION FOR BEAUTIFUL WIMMIN!

AW, YER GETTIN' GOOFY!

HA! IS THAT SO! THEN, WHY DID SHE SMILE AT ME INSTEAD OF YOU?

MOST PEOPLE BUST RIGHT OUT LAUGHIN' AT YOU!

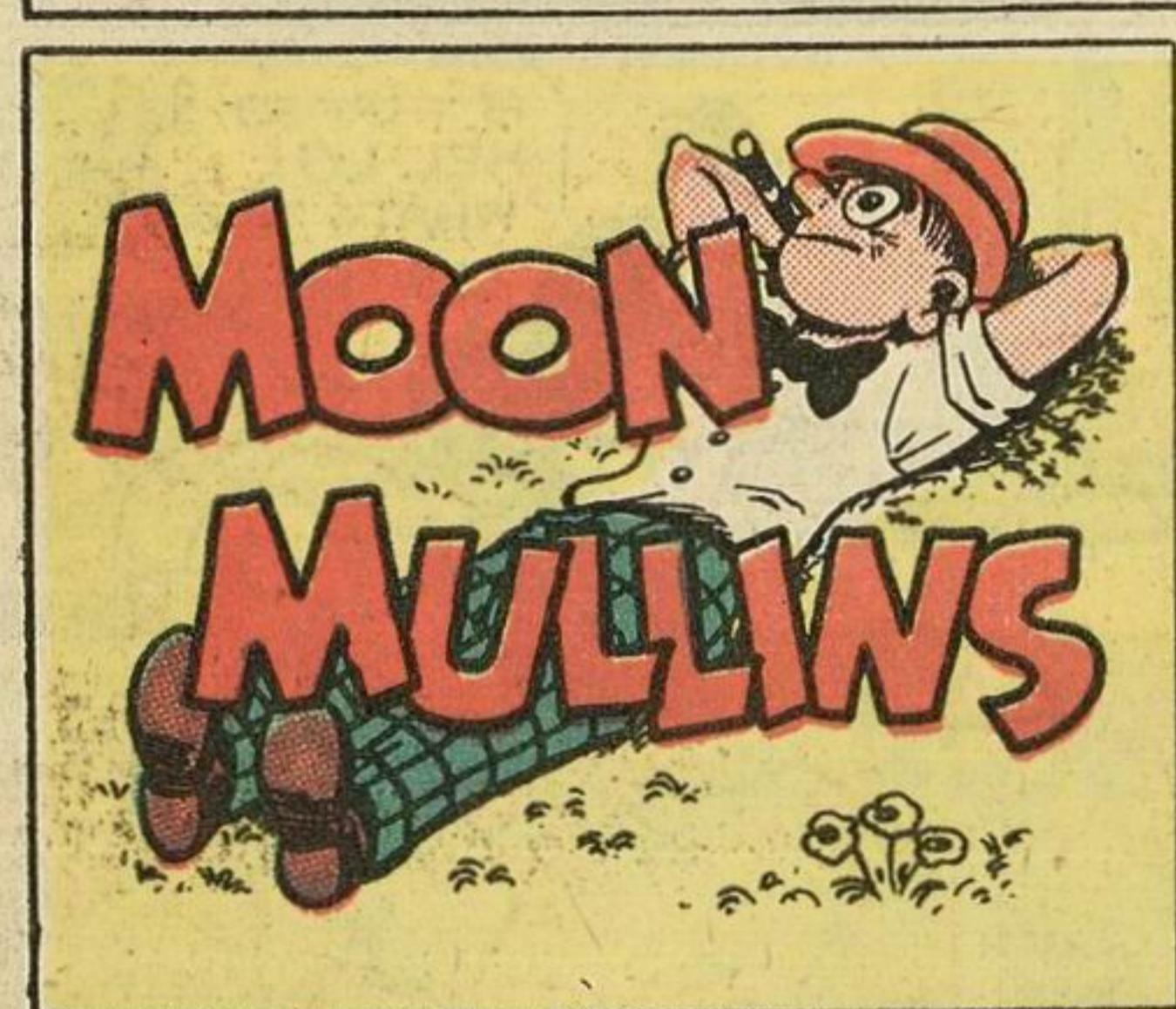
IS THAT SO? HEL-LO! WHAT'S THIS?

THE YOUNG LADY MUSTA DROPPED IT - YES, I'M POSITIVE IT MUST BE HERS!

I BEEN ROBBED! I HAD A NEW RED POCKETBOOK WHEN I WENT INTO THAT STORE TO PHONE, AND WHEN I COME OUT, IT WAS GONE!

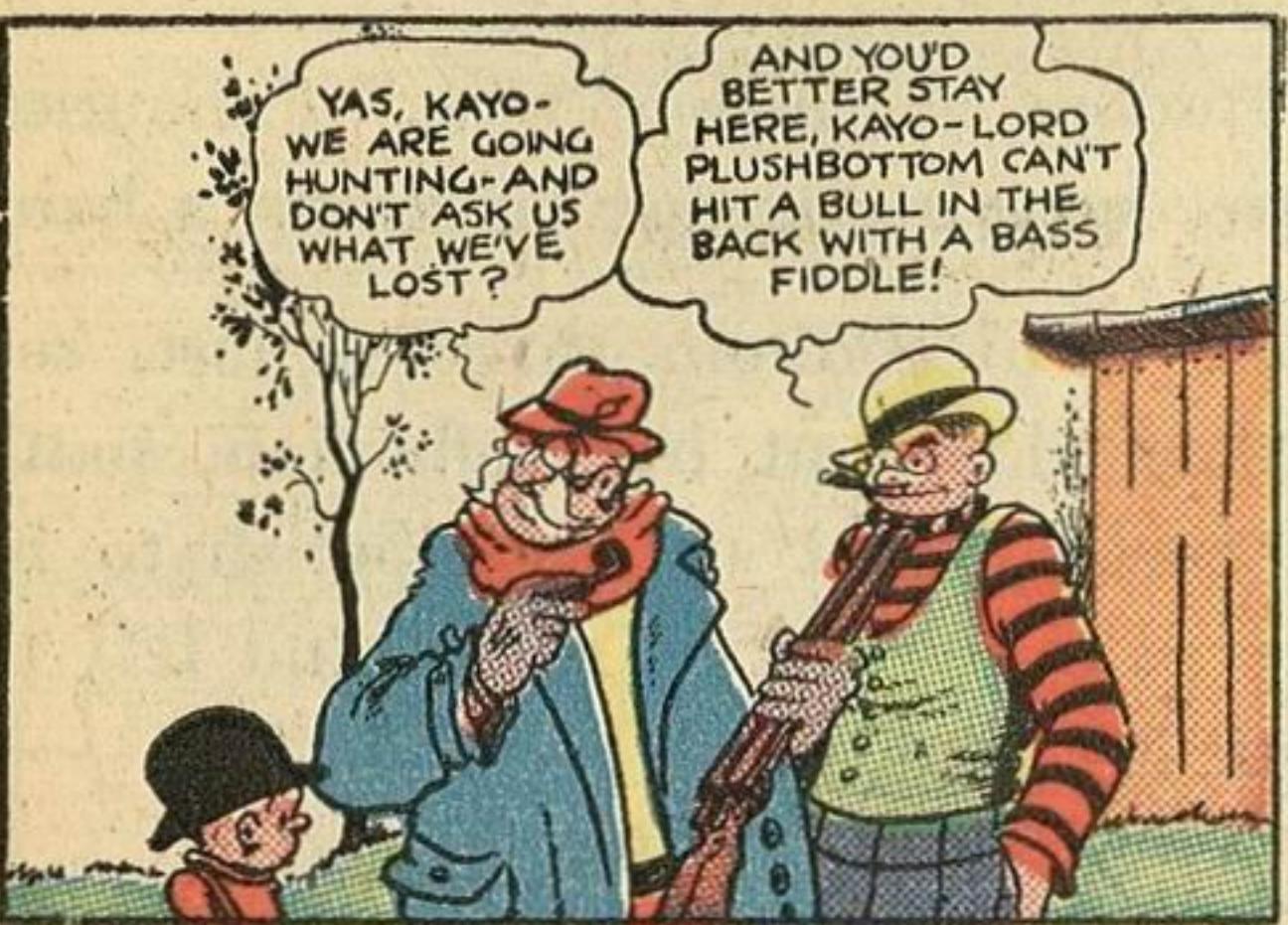
WHICH WAY DID HE GO, BOY?





MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

"AND how would modom like her hair done?" the beauty parlor operator asked, showing Lady Plushbottom to an enclosed booth in the salon.

Emmy leaned back in her chair. "Well, I'll tell you, Marie," she started to say, when a harsh, loud voice from the next enclosed booth interrupted.

"I don't wanna mention no names, dearie," it said, "but the initials is E. P. Honestly, when that old bag puts on the dog about bein' Lady Plush . . . er, you know who I mean . . . the whole block laughs fit to bust!"

"Why, why, that's me she's talking about," sputtered Emmy. "Whoever she is, I . . . I'll . . ."

"An' she's pretty close to sixty," the voice continued. "Imagine that scarecrow puttin' on airs an' actin' so hoity-toity! You oughta see her in the mornin' when she gets up!"

Emmy made a heroic effort to control herself. "Ha! Idle gossip!" she snorted through her facial masque. "I, personally, am not the type to stoop to such nasty, malicious talk!"

Her voice took on a sharp, shrill quality which carried it through every corner of the beauty salon. Even Mamie, whose head was at the moment disappearing under a hair dryer, could not help but hear her words.

"The things I have to stand for!" complained Lady Plushbottom. "That Mamie, for instance. I don't know whether she's

just fat, just lazy or both! And, my dear, such vulgarity! Such cheap, crude, loud—"

"Modom is finished now," announced Marie, spraying lacquer on Emmy's hair.

Lady Plushbottom threw a last, self-satisfied glance at her reflection, patted her curls, added an extra polish to her fingernails by buffing them, and left the booth.

At that very moment, the occupant of the next booth was leaving, too. The two ladies, fresh from the curlers, lotions and sprays, took one look at each other!

Lady Plushbottom shrieked, "Mamie! So it was you, you vicious, lying . . ."

Mamie snarled, "Hmph! Lady Plushbottom! I've got a mind to . . ."

The Elite Beauty Salon had never witnessed such a transformation . . . in reverse! Without waiting for the bell, Emmy and Mamie lunged at each other, kicking, scratching, tugging and slapping! It took fifteen minutes and eight women to separate them.

And when they were separated . . . oh, sister!

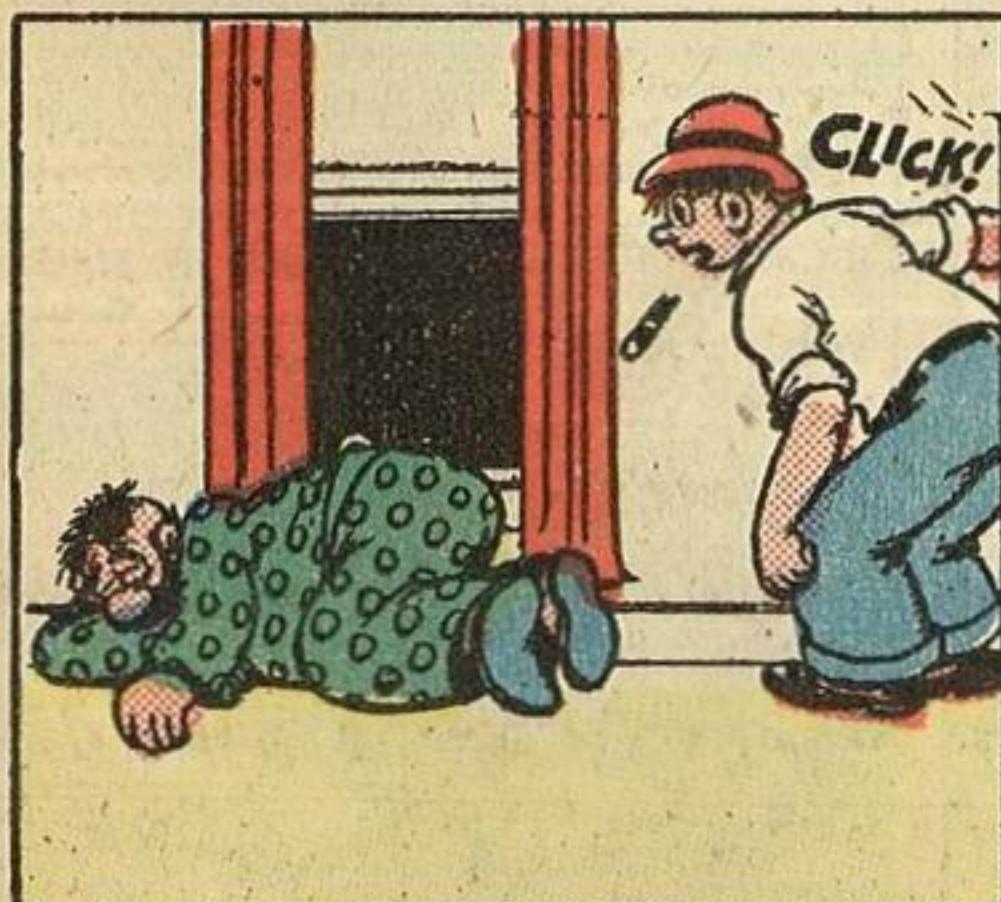
With their hair coming down in strings, their nails chipped and broken and all their make-up smeared and smudged, two dishevelled war horses staggered wearily back into adjoining booths.

Marie took a good look at Lady Plushbottom. "Why, modom!" she screamed.

And from Mamie's cubicle next door, came a similar scream. "Why, modom!"

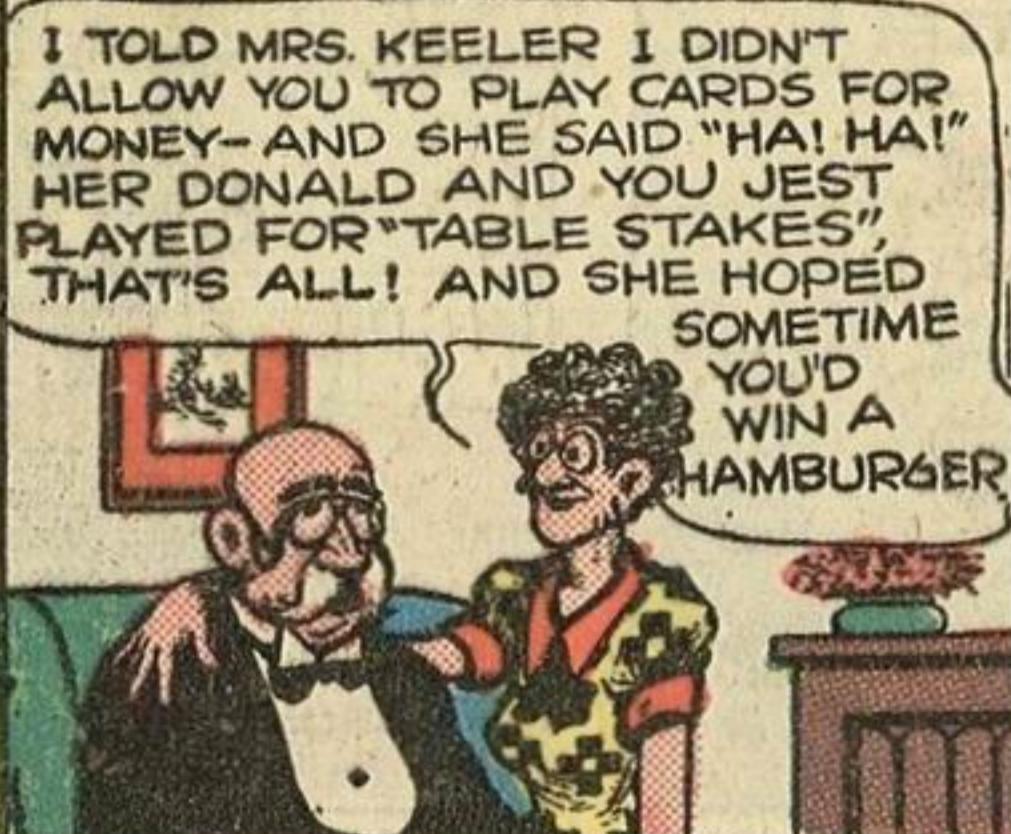
MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



MOON MULLINS

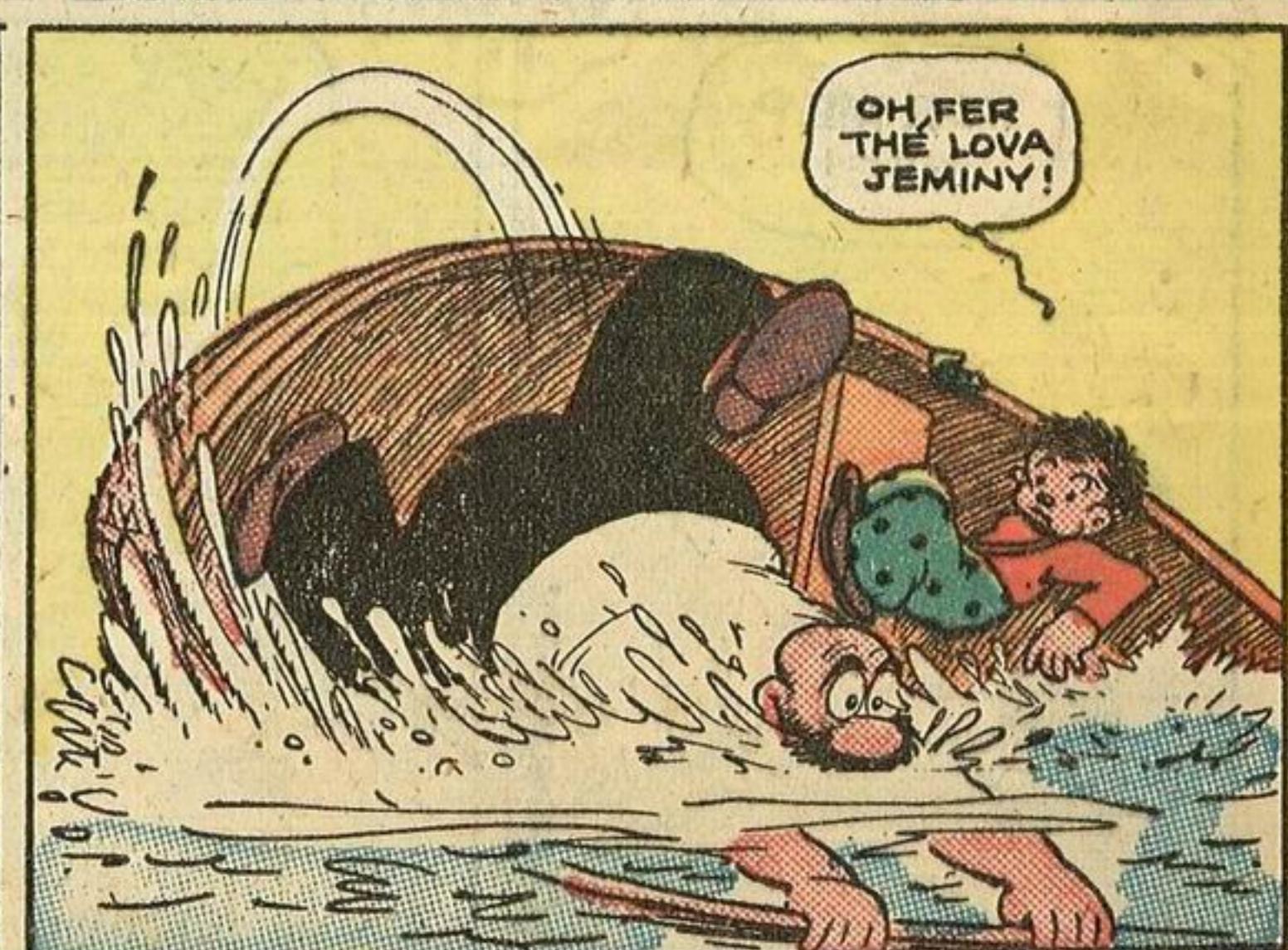
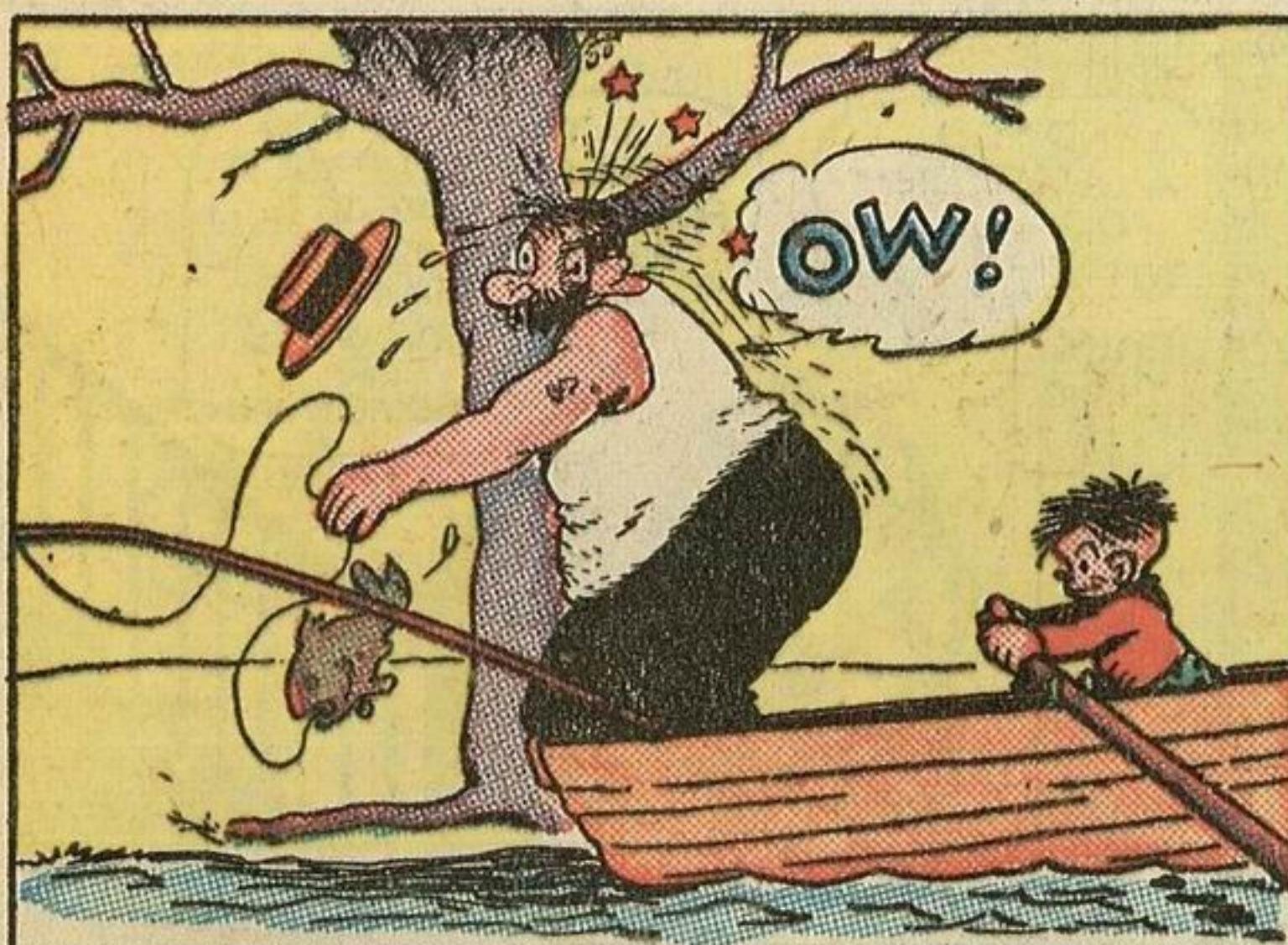
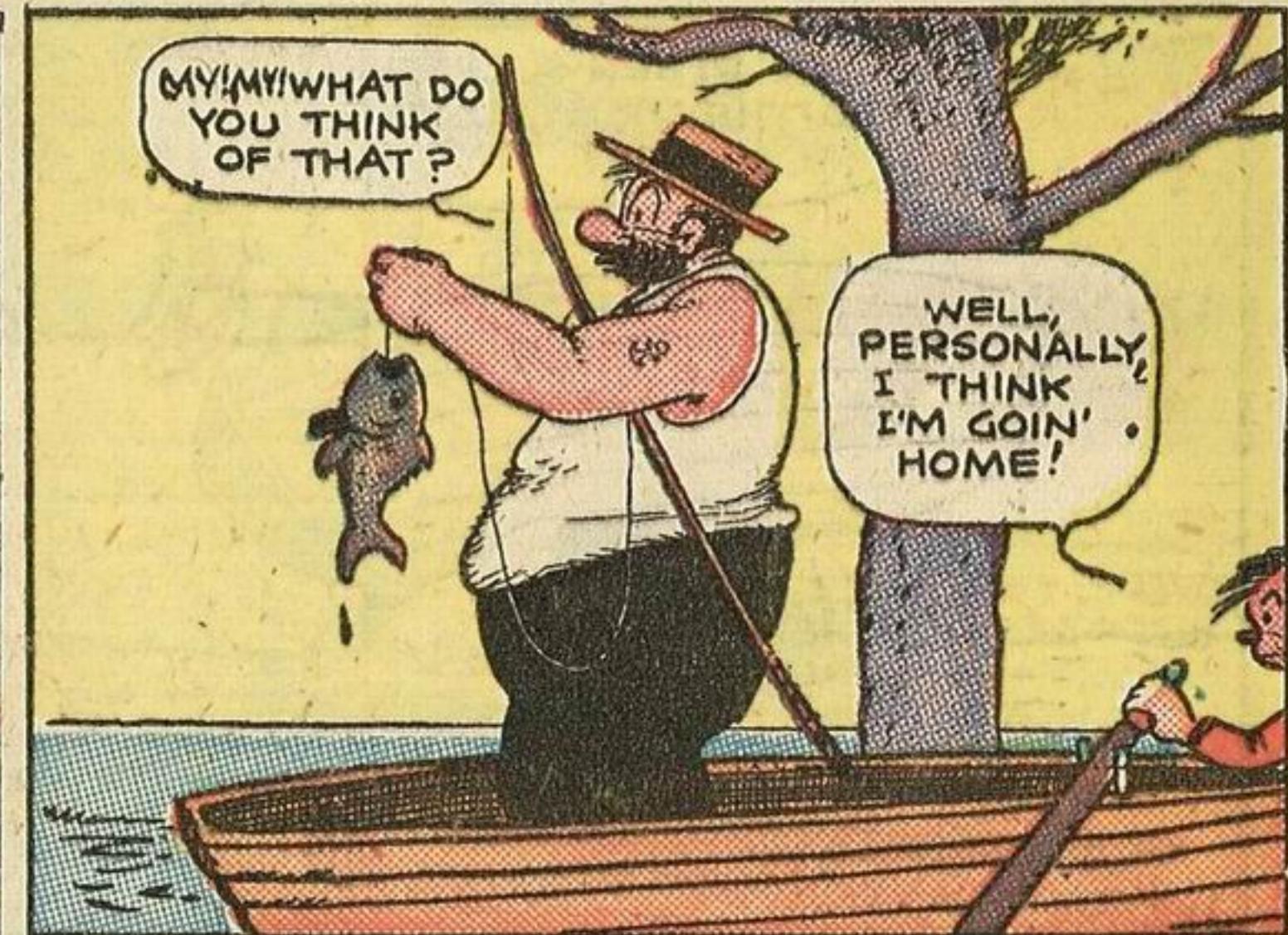
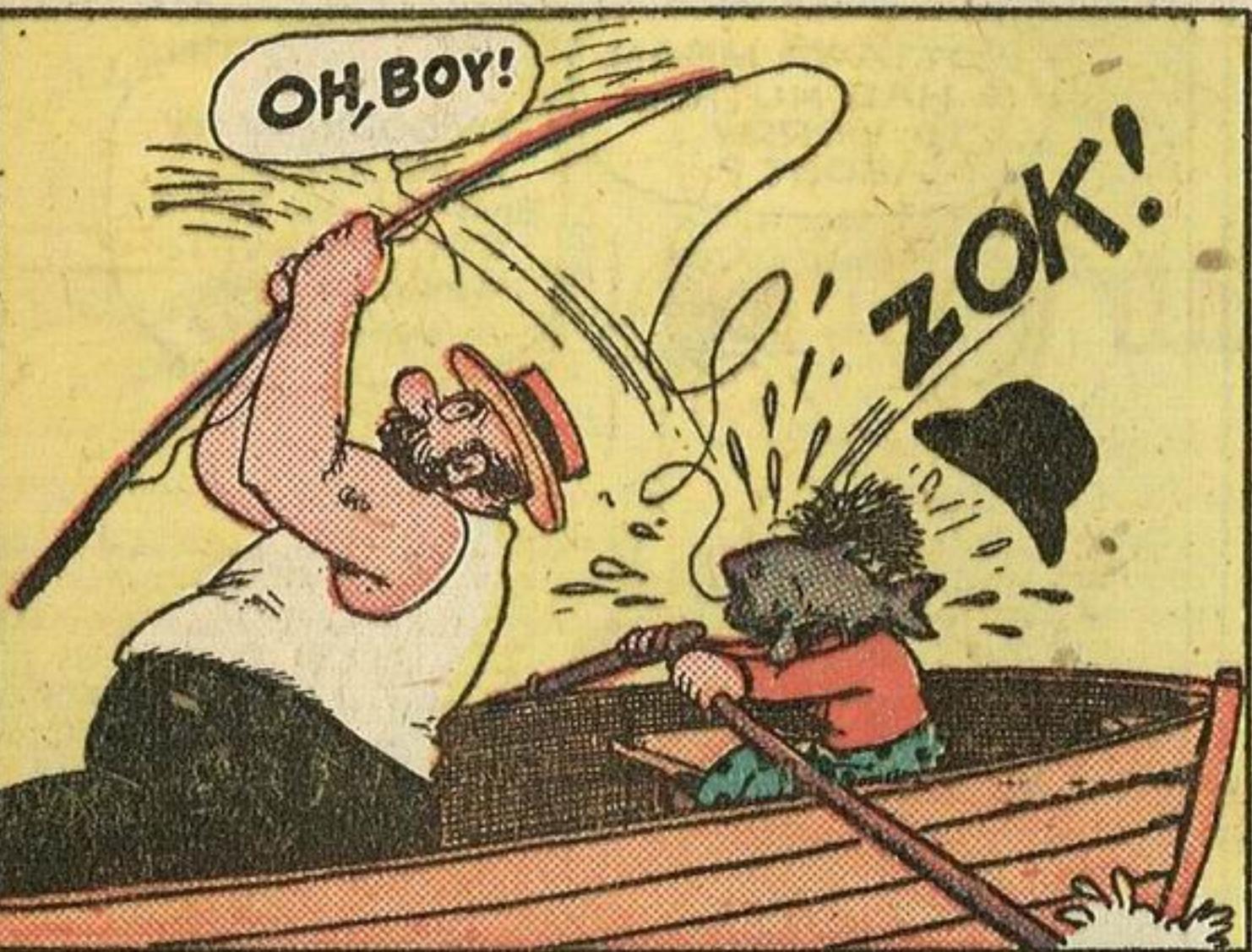
by Frank Willard

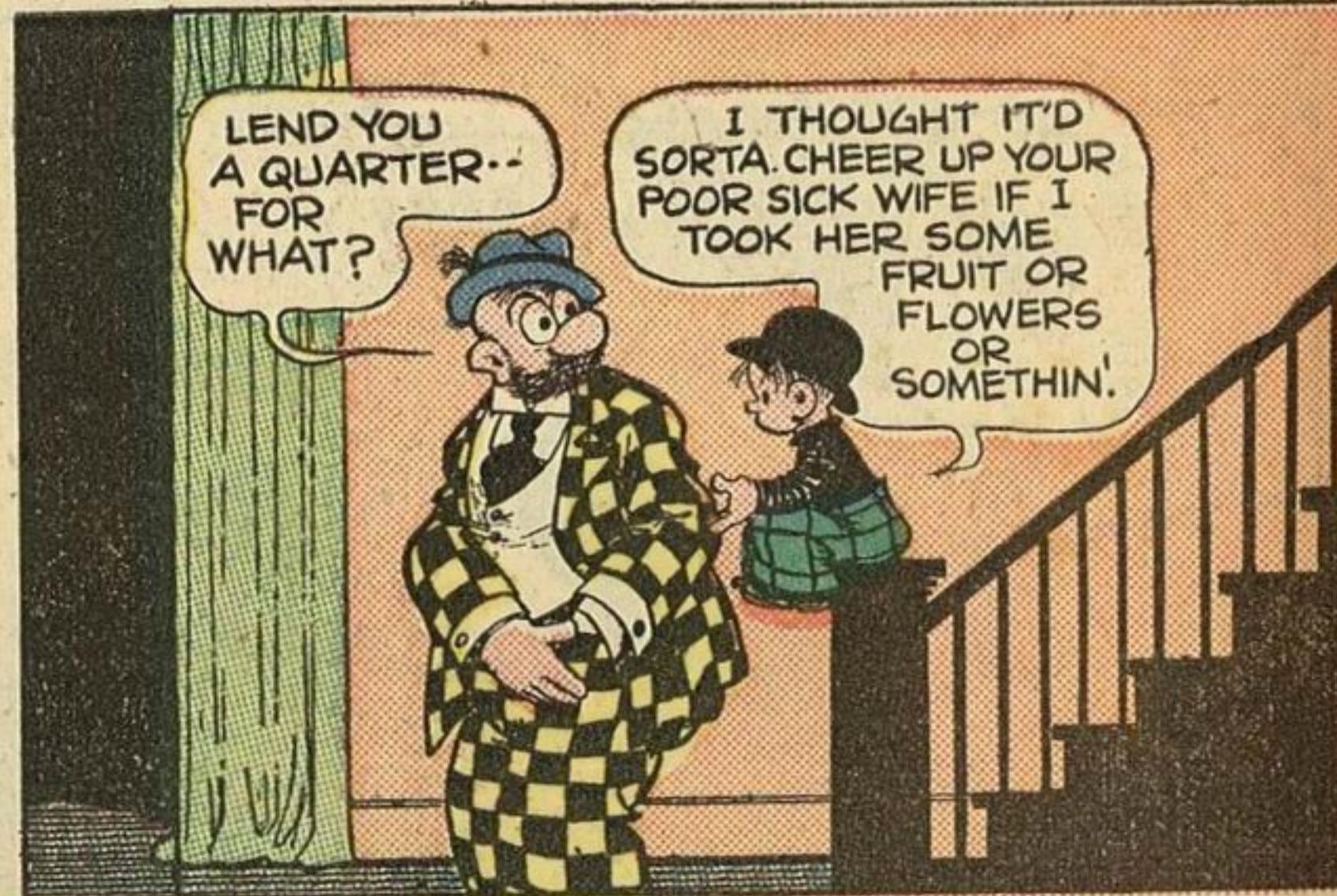
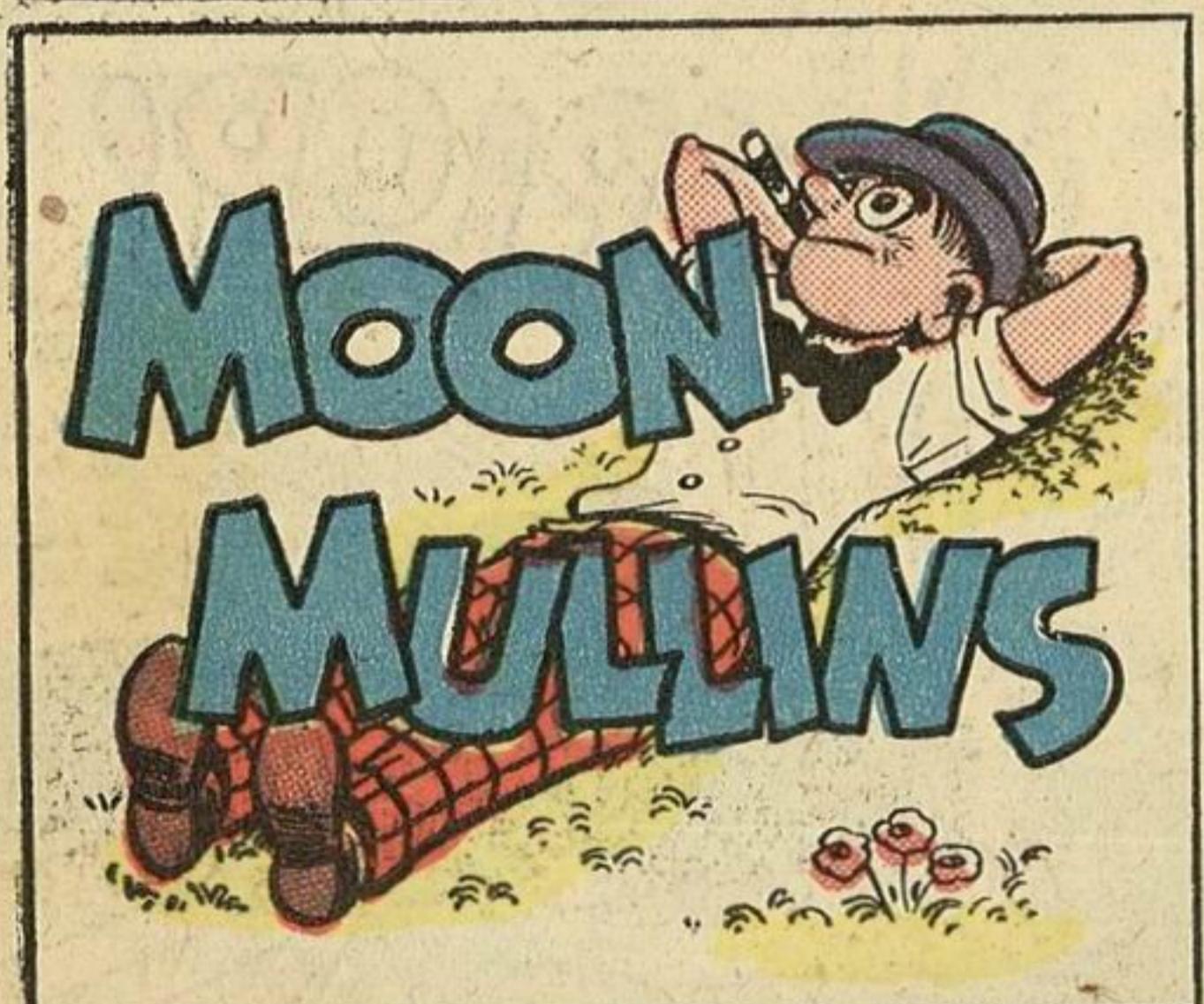
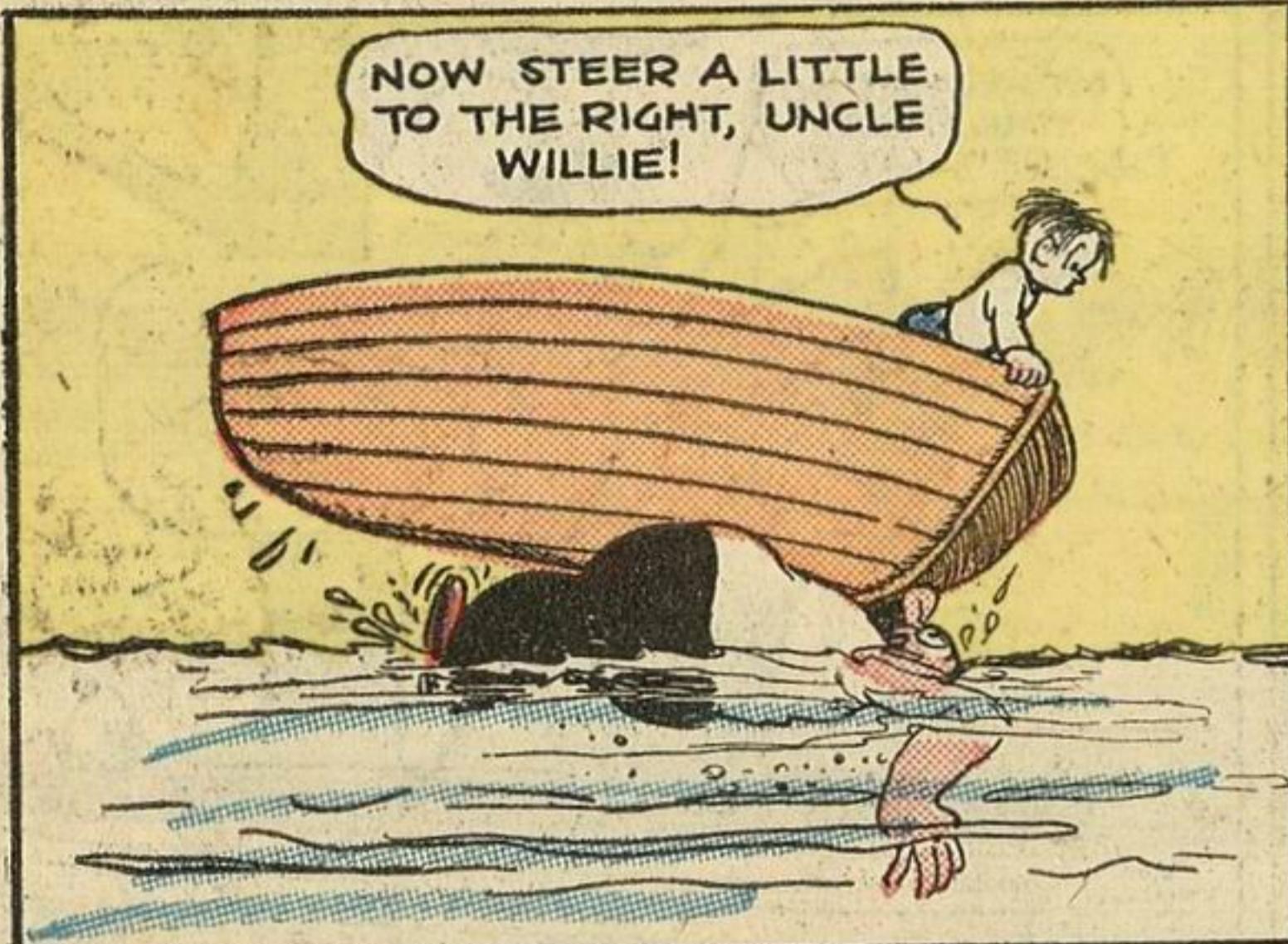
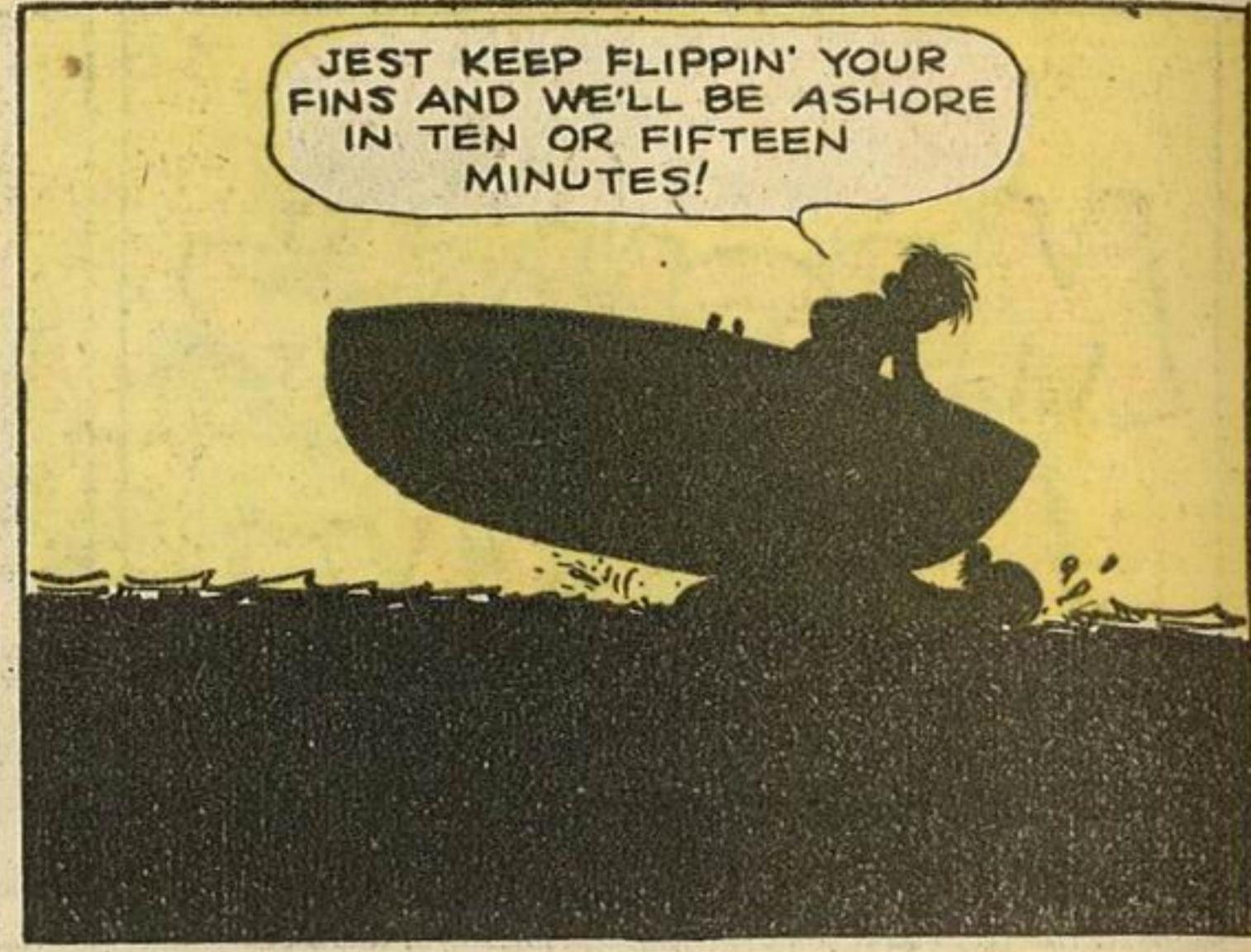


Moon Mullins

MAYBE THERE AIN'T ANY FISH HERE—
BUT THIS IS JUST WHAT
THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
QUIET, FRESH AIR,
EXERCISE!

WELL, ANY OLD
TIME YOU WANNA
EXERCISE ON THESE
OARS, UNCLE WILLIE,
DON'T BE BASHFUL
ABOUT SAYIN' SO!



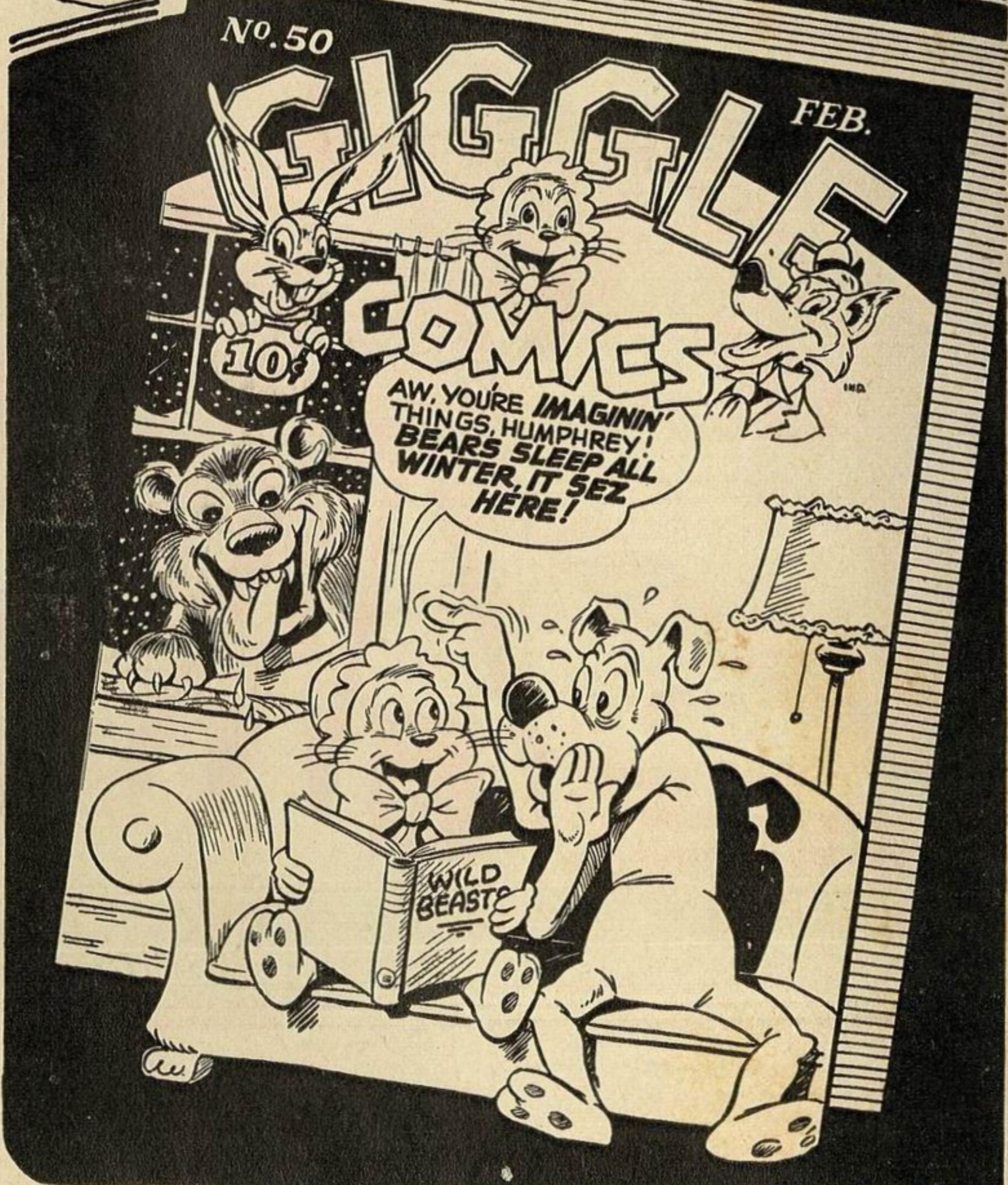


FUNNY? IT'S A RIOT!

A TORNADO OF
GIGGLES--AN EARTH-
QUAKE OF MIRTH!
AND ALL IN THAT
HEP, HOWL-PRODUC-
ING MAGAZINE
THAT'S GOT EVERY-
ONE TALKING...
AND LAUGHING!

IT'S STREAMLINED
FOR SMILES!

So remember...
YOURS FOR GIGGLES
... and
RESERVE
YOUR COPY
NOW!



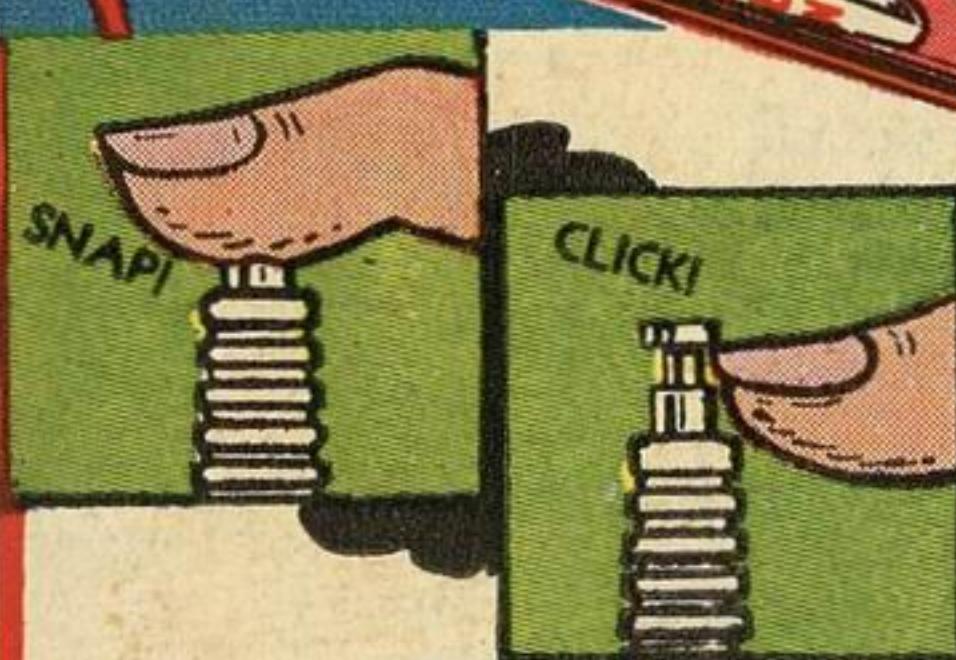
only
10¢

GIGGLE COMICS

Featuring THE GREAT
SUPERKATT!



The Greatest BALL-POINT PEN and BILLFOLD BARGAIN in America!



Retractable Point
at a Flick
of the Button

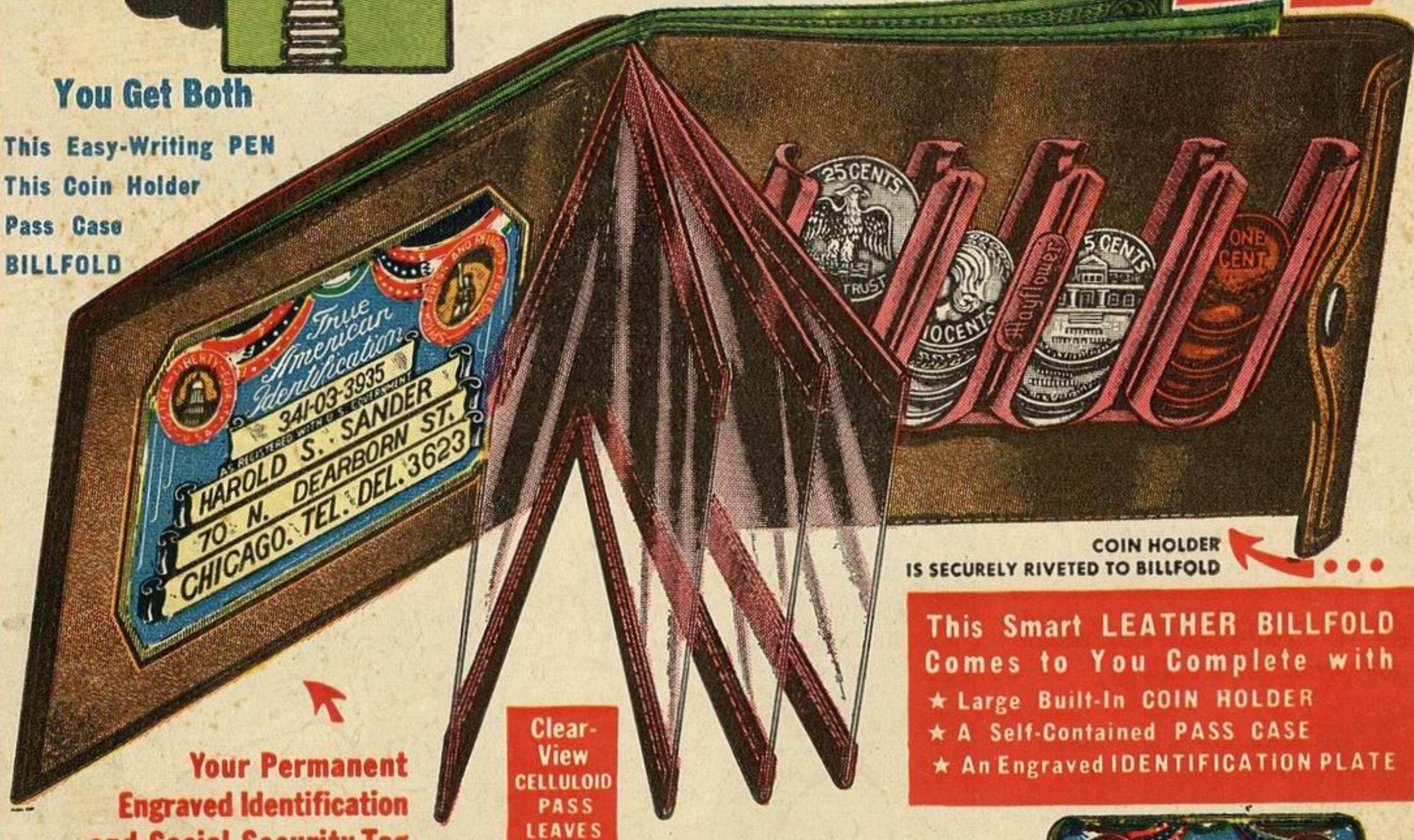
You Get them

BOTH for

only
\$1.98
PEN and
BILLFOLD

You Get Both

This Easy-Writing PEN
This Coin Holder
Pass Case
BILLFOLD



Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD
Comes to You Complete with
★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate
ENGRAVED WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution make such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get a Ball Point Pen with a retractable point plus a genuine Leather Pass Case Billfold with built-in Coin Holder and your engraved Social Security Plate—all for only \$1.98. The pen alone we believe, is worth more than we ask for the Pen AND the Billfold on this offer. When you see the pen and billfold and examine their many outstanding features as described here, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. These pens and billfolds are sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. Rush your order today on our 10-day Examination Offer. Your satisfaction is positively guaranteed.

SENSATIONAL FEATURES!

THE PEN

- Feather touch button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- Release button retracts ball point inside chamber. Safe! Can't leak!
- Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. Re-load cartridges always available.
- Beautiful metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined from top to tip.
- Dries as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- Makes 6 to 8 carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

THE BILLFOLD

- Genuine Leather throughout with cleverly designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so can't fall out.
- It has 4 pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent soiling of your cards.
- Has spacious currency compartment which opens all the way for easier insertion or removal of bills.
- Has celluloid window with stitched pocket to permanently hold your Engraved Social Security Plate.
- Button Snap Fastener. Easy to open and close. Holds securely.

NO DEPOSIT! NO MONEY!—To Receive This Marvelous Triple Value!

ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 2623
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Retractable Ball Point Pen and Genuine Leather Coin Holder Billfold with my engraved three-color Social Security Plate as described. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not 100% satisfied, I can return my purchase within ten days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____

(Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

To save shipping charges I am enclosing
\$2.18 (\$1.98 plus 20c Fed. Tax.) Please
ship my order all postage charges prepaid.

SOCIAL SECURITY
NUMBER _____

**SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**